Mr. Wilson in the Character of Patie.

Hear how I serv'd my lass, I love as weel as ye do Jenny.

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Hear how I serv'd my lass, I love as weel as ye do Jenny.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

Adorned with Cuts and a complete Glossary
With other select pieces

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.

VIRG.

PERTH:
Printed by and for R. Moriſon and Son, Bookſellers alſo, for J. Gillies Perth, W. Coke Leith and G. Milne Dundee.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SUSANNA,

Countess of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE *love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the* Poets *to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.*

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral *under your* Ladyship's *protection. If my* Patroness *says, The* Shepherds *speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges, that condemn before examination.*

I am ſure of vaſt numbers that will crowd into your Ladyſhip's *opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their ſentiments with the* Counteſs *of* Eglinton, *whoſe penetration, ſuperior wit, and ſound judgment, ſhine with uncommon luſtre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodneſs and equality of mind.*

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, *here,* Madam, *I might give the fulleſt liberty to my muſe to delineate the fineſt of women, by drawing your* Ladyſhip's *character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; ſince flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praiſes miſplaced.*

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's *honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and preſents us with numberleſs great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of* Kennedy *and* Montgomery: *Be that the care of the herald and the hiſtorian. It is perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays. Here every* Leſbia *muſt be excepted, whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your* Ladyſhip *juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect: For whilſt you are poſſeſſed of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your* Ladyſhip's *mind, command devotion.*

All this is very true, cries one of better ſenſe than good-nature: But what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, when we have the uſe of our eyes, and ſee his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to uſe the poet's privilege, which is, To ſpeak what every body thinks. *Indeed, there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the* Idalian *regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life: But the* Bard *who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure in communicating to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed character.—I write this laſt ſentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your* Ladyſhip *in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall evaniſh like a morning vapour; I ſhall hope to be claſſed with* Taſſo *and* Guarini; *and ſing with* Ovid,

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt obedient, and

moſt devoted ſervant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF *EGLINTON*,

With the following

PASTORAL.

ACCEPT, O EGLINTON! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muſe, that oft has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt on *Scotia*'s bliſsful plains;
That oft has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted through the verdant meads to ſtray.
O! come, invok'd and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd*'s tender tale of love.
Inſtructed from theſe ſcenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires!
The fair ſhall read of ardors, ſighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.

Hence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe!
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes!
When firſt the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Kill'd of her ſcorn, and vanquiſh'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing, beauteous, ſmiles the kind conſent!
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhown,
In CHARLOT's ſmile, or in MARIA's frown.

With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age;
Pure and untaught, ſuch nature firſt inſpir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phraſe deſir'd.
His ſecret thoughts were undiſguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He ſpeaks his loves ſo artleſs and ſincere,
As thy ELIZA might be pleas'd to hear.

Heav'n only to the *rural ſtate* beſtows
Conqueſt o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depreſs'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happineſs conſtrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No ſecret guilt its ſtedfaſt peace deſtroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Bleſt ſtill to ſpend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodneſs, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinleſs and pure, in fair HUMEIA's ſoul.

But now the *rural ſtate* theſe joys has loſt;
Even ſwains no more that innocence can boaſt.

Love ſpeaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happineſs* forſakes her bleſt retreat,
The peaceful dwelling where ſhe fix'd her ſeat;
The pleaſing fields ſhe wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright ſober race;
When on the ſunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the ſons of men,
To crown the pleaſures of the blameleſs feaſt,
She, uninvited, came a welcome gueſt.
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts:
Then grudging hate and ſinful pride ſucceed,
Cruel revenge, and falſe unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rleſs beauty loſt the pow'r to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtrangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſhood puts on truth's diſguiſe.
The peaceful houſhold fill'd with dire alarms,
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms:
The voice of impious mirth is heard around:
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd Violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *happineſs* forſakes the guilty ſwains.
Oh *happineſs!* from human ſearch retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all deſir'd?

Nnn ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah why, unkind,
Fly'ſt thou, diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where, with thy fire *Content*, thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, doſt thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Doſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Doſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter, doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſur'd gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In STAIRS' wiſdom, or in ERSKINE's charms?
In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell,
Alone with virtue knows the Pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind deſpair theſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow.
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt;
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt;

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's ſtate.
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the human boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt?
Unlike, O Eglinton! thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene, enjoys the heav'nly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſion freed,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How ſwift to praiſe, how guiltleſs to defame?
Bold in thy preſence *baſhfulneſs* appears,
And backward *merit* loſes all its fears.
Supremely bleſt by heav'n, heav'n's richeſt grace
Confeſt is thine, an early blooming race,
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine inſtruction! taught of thee to charm.
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart)
When thou behold'ſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt!
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit or the dance to ſhine.
Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely Eglintons of other days.

Mean while purſue the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains;
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years;
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old.
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
Or virtuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O Eglinton! delight thee moſt,
T' enjoy that *innocence* the world has loſt.

W. H.

PATIE and *ROGER:*

A

PASTORAL.

Inſcribed to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Eſq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping froſts and driving ſna
Are o'er the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* ſleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfu, gay, and bra,
Invites to ſing.

Then let's begin by creek of day;
Kind muſe, ſkiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy ſpeed,
Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again, beneath ſome tree,
Exert thy ſkill and nat'ral glee,

To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker ſight,
Set theſe rude ſonnets ſung by me
In trueſt light.

In trueſt light may a' that's fine
In his fair character ſtill ſhine;
Sma' need he has of ſangs like mine,
To beet his name:
For frae the North to Southern line,
Wide gangs his fame;

His fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While hiſt'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the tide
T' invade theſe lands,
Where *Briton*'s royal fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

Theſe doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and theſe to come, ſhall ken,
How ſtubborn navies did contend
Upon the waves,

---

11. *To weaker ſight, ſet theſe, &c*] Having done me the honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral poems into Engliſh juſtly and elegantly.

21. *Frae his pen*] His valuable Naval Hiſtory

How free-born *Britons* faught like men,
Their faes like ſlaves.

Sae far inſcribing, Sir, to you,
This country ſang, my fancy flew,
Keen your juſt merit to purſue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praiſes that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r;
May pow'rs aboon with kindly care
Grant you a lang and muckle ſkair
Of a' that's good,
Till unto langeſt life and mair
You've healthfu' ſtood,

May never care your bleſſings ſowr,
And may the muſes ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r:
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I pleaſe you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy.

Patie, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*

Roger, *A rich young ſhepherd, in love with Jenny.*

Symon, Glaud, } *Two old ſhepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

Bauldy, *A hynd, engaged with Neps.*

WOMEN.

Peggy, *Thought to be Glaud's niece.*

Jenny, *Glaud's only daughter.*

Mauſe, *An old woman, ſuppoſed to be a witch.*

Elſpa, *Symon's wife.*

Madge, *Glaud's ſiſter.*

SCENE, *A ſhepherd's village and fields, ſome few miles from* Edinburgh.

Time of action, *Within twenty hours.*

Printed as the Act Directs for R.MORISON & SON &c.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Beneath the ſouth-ſide of a craigy bield,
Where chriſtal ſprings their haleſome waters yield;
Twa youthfu' ſhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger grones, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and ſing.

PATIE and ROGER

PATIE.

SANG I. *The waking of the faulds.*

My Peggy is a young thing
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day and always gay,
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weell I like to meet her at
The waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld:
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly
Whene'er I whiſper love,

That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blayth and bauld;
And naithing gies me ſic delight
As waking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale of ſenſe,
At waking of the fauld.

THIS ſunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants!
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants!
How haleſome is't to ſnuff the cawler air,
And a' the ſweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gares thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive wi' hardſhips ſad and great.

Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowand flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, oppreſt with never-ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees ſhall loathe the flow'r and quit the hive
The ſaughs on boggy ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornfu' queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul's ſae ſadly out of tune.
You ha'e ſae ſaft a voice and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilka ſheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat, But ablins, nibour, ye ha'e not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine bra' nout were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were; yet I theſe ills endur'd:
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wathers periſh'd in the ſna'.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs ye wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep;
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs!
O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool!

Pat. Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clut
At the Weſt-port, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virls round,
A dainty whiſtle wi' a pleaſant ſound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you, wi' a' your caſh, ye dowie fool.

Rog. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breaſt:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens!
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Tak courage, Roger, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but yourſel.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye ha'e gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-ſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unco blate.
But yeſterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow;
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He ſighs for Neps:—Sae that may ſtand for that.

Rog. I wiſh I cou'd na looe her:—but in vain;
I ſtill maun do't, and thole her proud diſdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he fawn'd, ſhe ſtrake the poor dum tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad ha'e ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
Wi' a' her face ſhe ſhaws a cauldrife ſcorn.

Laſt night I play'd, (ye never heard ſic ſpite)
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delight;
Yet tauntingly She at her couſin ſpeer'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.--
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.

Pat. E'en do ſae, Roger, wha can help miſluck,
Saebiens ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabbet chuck?
Yonder's a craig: ſince ye ha'e tint all houp,
Gae til't your ways, and tak the lover's loup.

Rog. I need na mak ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill;
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave aff that ſilly whingeing way;
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I loe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and wi' heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about:
I ſaw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I ſaw my Meg, but Meggy ſaw nae me;
For yet the ſun was wading through the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt:
Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whiter were than ſnaw;

Her cockernony ſnooded up ſu ſleek;
Her haſſet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her een ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waſtecoat clean,
As ſhe came ſkiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here;
I ferly wherefore ye're ſae ſoon aſteer:
But I can gueſs ye're gawn to gather dew:
She ſcowr'd awa, and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg-dorts, and e'ens ye like,
I careleſs cry'd; and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thieveleſs errand back;
Miſca'd me firſt,—then bad me hound my dog
To wear up three waff ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe; then wi' great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waſte,
About her yielding waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowand mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul came louping to my lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack;
But well I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpake.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.

Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And anſwer kindneſs wi' a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect:
For women in a man delight;
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And wi' a ſimple face gi' way
To a repulſe—Then be not blate;
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language o' their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer a' your love wi' hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when it's too late.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and ha'e ſic an art
To hearten ane: For now, as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.

Sae, for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,
(My mither, reſt her ſaul! ſhe made it fine)
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawſlok woo',
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blew,
Wi' ſprangs like goud and ſiller, croſs'd wi' black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, who ha'e ſae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

Pat. Well, hald ye there:—and ſince ye've frankly made
A preſent to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and ſhe too that's ſae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye beſt deſerv't.
Now tak it out and gie's a bonny ſpring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and ſing.

Pat. But firſt we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And ſee gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, and a ſhave of cheeſe,
Will make a breakfaſt that a laird might pleaſe;
Might pleaſe the daintieſt gabs, were they ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon meat wi' health inſtead of ſpice.
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whiſtle ſine, and ſing t' ye like myſell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A flowrie Howm between twa verdant braes,
Where laſſes uſe to waſh and ſpread their claes;
A trotting burnie whimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles ſhining ſmooth and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
Firſt pleaſe your eye, next gratify your ear;
While JENNY what ſhe wiſhes diſcommends,
And MEG, with better ſenſe, true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jen. COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This ſhining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.

Peg. Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the ſweets of ſpring and ſimmer grow.
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a ſingand din;
A pool breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes wi' eaſy whirls the bord'ring graſs:
We'll end our waſhing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There waſh ourſells.—It's healthfu' now in May,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

Jen. Daft laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae? That jeering Fallow Pate
Wad taunting ſay, Haith, laſſes, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out o' ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' diſdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger looes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug,
Whilk penſily he wears a thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breaſt wi' care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, *How d'ye?*—or, *There's a bonny day.*

Peg. Ye daſh the lad wi' conſtant ſlighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:
What like's a dorty maiden when ſhe's auld?
Like dauted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paſt;
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.

SANG III. *Polwart on the green.*

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld;
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld.
The dauted bairn thus taks the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave;
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave:
They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt;
Thus, by itſelf abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna ſit your time.
Jen. I never thought a ſingle life a crime.
Peg. Nor I:—but love in whiſpers let us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himſell,
For ſick a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe;
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.

Peg. Be doing your wa's; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh, laſs! how can ye loo that rattle-ſkull?
A very de'il, that ay maun ha'e his will.
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. *O dear mither, what ſhall I do?*

O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes, when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married:
Running to a life deſtroys
Hartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peg. I'll rin the riſk; nor ha'e I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
Till I wi' pleaſure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breaſt I'll lean my head.
There we may kiſs as lang as kiſſing's gude,
And what we do there's nane dare ca' it rude.
He's get his will: Why no'? It's good my part
To gi'e him that, and he'll gi'e me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye wi' ane unco fraiſe,
And daut you baith afore fowk and your lane:
But ſoon as his newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flyte;
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

Peg. Sic coarſe-ſpun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My ſettled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him, I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmile, or ſic twa glancing een:

And then he ſpeaks wi' ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſic throw my heart.
How blythly can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at feckleſs fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill.
He is——but what need I ſay that or this?
I'd ſpend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he ſays or does, there's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeems coofs, compar'd to my dear Pate.
His better ſenſe will lang his love ſecure:
Ill-nature heſſs in ſauls that's weak and poor.

Jen. Hey bony laſs of Brankſome! or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a ſang.
O! it's a pleaſant thing to be a bride:
Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that wi' faſheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae wean fa's ſick, ane ſcads itſell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe;
The deel gaes our Jock Wabſter, hame grows hell,
When Pate miſca's ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

SANG V. *How can I be ſad on my wedding-day?*

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than ony of thae
Sour weak ſilly fallows, that ſtudy, like fools,
To ſink their ain joy, and mak their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtues, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

Yes, it's a hartſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young ſprouts are rife.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleaſure be,
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,——their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love maks care delight?

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warſt of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw,

But little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;——the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rocks of hay.—
The thick blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheeſe,
But, or the day of payment, breaks, and flees;
Wi' glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent;
It's not to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
His honour mauna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne, driv'n frae houſe and hauld, where will ye
ſteer?
Dear Meg, be wiſe, and live a ſingle life;
Troth it's nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode well, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A weel-ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let.
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.

Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald, to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and rowth we thro' the warld will ſteer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if ſome young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them wi' ſolidity of mind.
They'll reaſon calmly, and wi' kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleaſure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his heart:
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane:
And ſoon as he ſlings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething pat's be ready to tak aff:
Clean hag-a-bag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him wi' the beſt we can afford.
Good-humour, and white bigonets, ſhall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane as ſowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak ſure a firmer tye
Than ought in love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide;
Suppoſe them, ſome years ſyne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
Till wide their ſpreading branches are increaſt,
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the caſtlen blaſt,
That in return defends it frae the waſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle,—(a ſtate ſae lik'd by yon!)
Beneath ilk ſtorm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done—I yield, dear laſſie, I maun yield;
Your better ſenſe has fairly wun the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little fae,
Lyes darn'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Nanſy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear laſſie, you have won;
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love, nae thinker heeds us:
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-ſtrings leads us.

Peg. Alake! poor priſ'ner!—Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haſte, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good;—for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To ſtreath the graith;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant:

But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this ſeems true,—nae laſs can be unkind.

Exeunt.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A ſnug thack-houſe, before the door a green:
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtands a barn, on that a byre:
A peet-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquare.
The houſe is Glaud's:—there you may ſee him lean,
And to his divot ſeat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOod-morrow, nibour Symon;--come ſit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your crummock and her baſſen'd quey.

I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. Wi' a' my heart;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna reſt till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things ha'e taken ſik a turn,
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtand like fleas,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes,

Gla. Fy, blaw! ah, Symie, ratling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff-hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round, like will-fire, far and near:
But looſe your poke, be't true or falſe let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud; and I ha'e ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our maſter been;
Our brave good maſter, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate, to ſave his head:
Becauſe ye ken fou well he bravely choſe
To ſtand his liege's friend wi' great Montroſe.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rumple a right ſlee begunk,
Reſtor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby ſays, we'll ſee Sir William ſoon.

SANG VII. *Cauld kail in Aberdeen.*

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody;
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high in ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the defence
Of conſcience, king, and nation.

Gla. that maks me blyth indeed!--But dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, and ſwear til't a':
And ſaw ye Hab! And what did Halbert ſay!
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William ſall enjoy his ain.

Gla. And may he lang; for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving, w'i a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or ſhor'd to raiſe
Our mailens when we pat on ſunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a ſeat.—
"How's a' at hame?—How's Elſpa? how does
Kate?
"How ſells black cattle?—what gie's woo this
year?—
And ſic-like kindly queſtions wad he ſpeer.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's byre.*

The laird wha in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour
To riſe aboon poverty;
Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint:
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft time their rent.

Gla Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,
Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nibour, will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll ſend for Elſpa too——and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle Pate and Roger frae the hight:
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife, and wean,
Drink till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For heer-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers, prime and fat;
A firlot of good cakes my Elſpa beuk,
And a large ham hings reeſting i' the nook:
I ſaw my ſell or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pat that ſcads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil:—and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies Elſpa ſpares nae coſt;
Sma' are they ſhorn, and ſhe can mix fu' nice
The guſty ingans wi' a curn of ſpice;
Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet weel ſung.
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this afternoon wi' glee and game,
And drink our maſter's health and welcome-hame.
Ye mauna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi' ye a' your family; and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gla. Spoke like ye'rſell, auld-birky; never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear.
Faith we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
Auld, ſaid I! troth I'm younger be a ſcore,
Wi' your good news, than what I was before,
I'll dance or e'en! Hey, Madge! come forth: d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

Gla. Spin! ſnuff—Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet-ſtack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye dee,
Since now again we'll ſoon Sir William ſee.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you o't!

Gla. What's that to you?—Gae get my ſunday's coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobbit bands,
My white-ſkin hoſe, and mittons for my hands;

Then frae their waſhin cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'rſells as trig, head, feet, and waſte,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honeſt Madge:—and Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The open field:—A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.——
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With faulded arms, and haff-rais'd looks, ye ſee.

BAULDY his lane.

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! its war than hell,
To be ſae brunt wi' love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that friſk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the foreſt grows:
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew outſhines;
The lily in her breaſt its beauty tines.

They gallop fast, that deils and ladies drive.
ACT II. SCENE II.

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her ea
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate looes her,—wae's me! and she looes Pate
And I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beast
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy
Its fair to thole:—I'll try some witchcraft
To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart
Here Maus [illegible], a witch, that for sma' pri
Can cast heeps strips, and gi'ne advice
She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the rado
And mak the deils obedient to her crune
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards [illegible]
And howks unchristen'd weans out of the [illegible]
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow
Rins withershins about the hemlock low
And seven times does her prayers backwar
Till Pletcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland
Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and snak
Of this unsonsy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates,—and gars expir
Wi' slaw and racking pains afore a fire
Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures [illegible]
The pain, by fowk they represent [illegible]

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For Pate looes her,—wae's me! and ſhe looes Pate;
And I wi' Neps, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beaſt
That maks raſh aiths till he's afore the prieſt!
I darna ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
Its ſair to thole;——I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To break wi' ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Mauſy lives; a witch, that for ſma' price
Can caſt her cantrips, and gi' me advice.
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards ſhe raves,
And howks unchriſten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins witherſhins about the hemlock low;
And ſeven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Pletcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt wi' the venom of black taids and ſnakes:
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of ony ane ſhe hates,—and gars expire
Wi' ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire:
Stuck fu' of prins, the deviliſh pictures melt;
The pain, by fowk they repreſent, is felt.

And yonder's Mauſe; ay, ay, ſhe kens fu' weel,
When ane like me comes running to the de'il.
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard;
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, though I ſhou'd never thrive;
They gallop faſt that de'ils and laſſes drive.

Exit.

SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little ſount,
Where water popland ſprings:
There ſits a wife with wrinkl'd front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

MAUSE.

SANG IX. *Carle, an' the king come.*

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come;
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, ſince the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
Aud be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

You Lucky, gat the wyte of a fell out:
ACT II. SCENE III.

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. HOW does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threeſcore ten.
Mau. E'en twining out a threed wi' little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to threſh nae corn?
Baul. Enough of baith:—but ſomething that requires
Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.
Mau. My helping hand! alake, what can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?
Baul. Ay, but ye're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.
Mau. of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?
Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're ſae wiſe and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I ſhou'd tell.
Mau. What fowk ſay of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.
Baul. Weel, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a ſlaw.

When laſt the wind made Glaud a roofleſs barn;
When laſt the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-ſhot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When Beſſy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na ſtand its lane;
When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſell amaiſt amang the ſnaw;
When Mungo's mare ſtood ſtill, and ſwat wi' fright,
When he brought eaſt the howdy under night;
When Bawſy ſhot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen:
You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilk ane here dreads ye a' round about:
And ſae they may that mint to do ye ſkaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt mak grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You wi' a furlot of them, mixt wi' peaſe.

Mau. I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then I like Peggy.—Neps is fond of me.—
Peggy likes Pate;—and Pate is bauld and flee,
And looes ſweet Meg.—But Neps I downa ſee.—

Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happieſt man.

Mau. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Saetgang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth a' your peaſe and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Mauſe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raiſe the de'il, he'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when it's late,
Will mak the night ſae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feaſt,
O! will ye come like Badrans, for a jeſt;
And there ye can our different 'haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

Mau. It's like I may;—but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

Baul. If I ought o' your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

Exit Bauldy.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake; when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of faſhion, and a lanely beild,

Wi' a ſma' caſt of wiles, ſhould in a twitch,
Gi' ane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*
This fool imagines, as do mony ſic,
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nic;
Becauſe by education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear;
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
Nane kens but me;—and, if the morn were come
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' ſing dumb.

Exit.

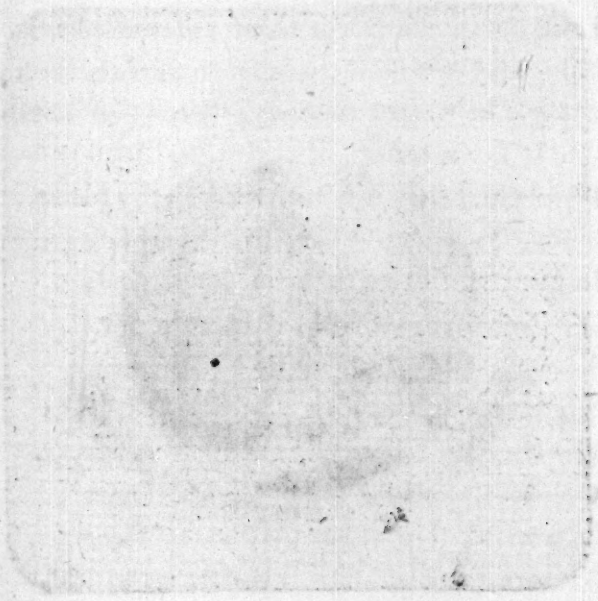
SCENE IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
PATE *and his* PEGGY *meet;*
In love, without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. O Patie, let me gang. I mauna ſtay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny ſhe's away.

O Patie, let me gang, I maunna stay;
ACT II. SCENE IV.



Pat. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where Primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads!
How ſaft the weſtlin winds ſough thro' the reeds;
Peg. The ſcented meadows,—birds,—and healthy breeze,
For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.
Pat. Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind;
Gif I could fancy ought ſae ſweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier;
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.
Peg. But Patrick, for ſome wicked end, may fleech,
And lambs ſhou'd tremble when the foxes preach.

I darna ſtay;—ye joker, let me gang;
Anither laſs may gar ye change your ſang;
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

Pat. Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap;
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim,—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall ſkaith our love;—I ſwear by a' aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year.
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart ſhou'd ſteal,
Your Meg, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs Pate.

Pat. I'm ſure I canna change; ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tanſy-know, or raſhy-ſtrand,
Thou ſmiling by my ſide:——I took delite
To pu' the raſhes green, wi' roots ſae white;

Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet a flow'ry belt and ſnood.

Peg. When firſt thou gade wi' ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my ſkill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae-berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or putt the ſtane,
And wan the Day, my heart was flight'ring fain:
At a' thae ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny ſings ſaft the *Broom of Cowdenknows*,
And Roſie lilts the *Milking of the ews*;
There's nane like Nanſy, *Jenny nettles* ſings;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder*, Marrion dings:
But when my Peggy ſings, wi' ſweeter ſkill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Laſs of Patie's Mill*,
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me;
Tho' they ſing weel, they canna ſing like thee.

Peg. How eith can laſſes trow what they deſire!
Aud roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now; and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

The foregoing, with a ſmall variation, was ſung at the acting as follows.

SANG X. *The Yellow-hair'd ladie.*

When firſt my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and ſweet riſing ſells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:

Thy ilkà ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift, as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny ſings ſaftly the Cowden-broom-knows,
And Roſey lilts ſweetly the milking the ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles *like Nanſy can ſing;*
At Thro'-the-wood-ladie, *Beſs gars our lugs ring:*
But when my dear Peggy ſings wi better ſkill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-ſide, *or the* Laſs of the mill,
It's many times ſweeter and pleaſant to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire:
Gi'e me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſell better and ſweeter for thee.

Pat. Wert thon a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly,——ſenſeleſs tales believe;
Be blyth for ſilly heghts, for trifles grieve:——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize or yet prove true,

But thou, in better ſenſe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a':
Continue kind; and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed.—But harken! yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kiſs,
Or fiveſcore good anes wad na be amiſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the ſang wi' tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing firſt, ſine claim your hire.

Pat.——————Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

PATIE ſings.

By the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that ſmiling tell the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why ſhould you deny?

PEGGY ſings.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:

The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE ſings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine; and ſae may ye.
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e thol'd and woo'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGIE ſinging, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I ſa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

PATIE. (with his left hand about her waiſt.)

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;

O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal day!
And if ye're wearied, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lime,
And tent a man whoſe beard ſeems bleach'd wi' time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whiſht! it is the knight in maſcurad,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſufferer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM ſolus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I loſt, which now are mine again.

Yet, 'midſt my joys, proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
The caſements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'ſtry all bereft:
My ſtables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the moſt complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet;
Where, round the figur'd green the peeble walks,
The dewy flowr's hung nodding on their ſtalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No Jaccacinths or eglintines appear.
How do thoſe ample walls to ruin yeild,
Where peach and nect'rine branches found a beild,
And baſk'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the uſe!
All round in gaps, the moſt in rubbiſh ly,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
  Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to ſee my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too ſoon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, ere the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful Symon brought,

And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth
Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge, ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds, whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A quiet contented mortal ſpends his time,
In hearty health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crimes!

Or ſung as follows.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn;
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocriſy,

Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and ſing.

Exit.

SCENE II.

It's Symon's houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,
And viſſy't round and round;
There's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances amidſt the floor;
The green-horn ſpoons, beech-luggies mingle
On ſkelfs foregainſt the door.
While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,

Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and tak their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gla. WE anes were young ourſells.--I like to ſee
The bairns bob round wi' other merrilie.
Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a ſtrapan lad.
And better looks than his I never bade.
Amang the lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverеſt of them a'.

Elſp. Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith:
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn I'll ſay't well worth our care,
That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Gla. I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſta'en,
He ſeems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en.
And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,
Nor better,—be't ſhe were nae kin to me.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that will ne'er be a match:
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools myſell.

Gla. What reaſon can ye have? there's nane, I'm
ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.
Fourſcore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gi'e to Peggy that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at ſpaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawſs I'll early to them give.

Elſp. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna ſpear
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhou'd hear.

Sym. Or this day aught days likely he ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

Gla. Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gi'es the
other bend;
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

Their healths gae round.

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud, by ſome it's
ſaid,
Your nice is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon-ſide, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and beded on dry hay?

Gla. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells ſic
ſlaws,
Whene'er our Meg her canker'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He tents our looſs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gi'es our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is grey, and lang and grey his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can
ſay:
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to-day.
Exit Jenny.
But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my grey-mear.

Gla. Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I
doubt;
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny, *bringing in Sir* William;
with them Patie.

Sym. Ye're welcome, honeſt carle; here tak a ſeat.

S. Wil. I give ye thanks, goodman; I'ſe no be
blate.

Glaud *drinks.*

Come t'ye, friend:—How far came ye the day?
S. Wil. I pledge ye, nibour;--e'en but little way:
Rouſted wi' eild, a wee piece gate ſeems lang;
Twa mile or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.
Sym. Ye're welcome here to ſtay a' night wi' me,
And tak ſic bed and board as we can gi'e.
S. Wil. That's kind unſought.—Well, gin ye ha'e a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon *pointing to* Patie.

Only that lad;—alake! I ha'e nae mae.
Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.
S. Wil. Young man, lets ſee your hand;—what gars ye ſneer?
Pat. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth I fear.
S. Wil. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.

Elſ. Betouch-us-too?—and weel I wat that's true;
Awa, awa! the deil's our grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.

S, Wil. I'll tell ye mair; if this young lad be ſpar'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elſ. A laird!—Hear ye, goodman! what think ye now?

Sym. I dinna ken: ſtrange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; it's good to bode of wealth:
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health,

Patie's *health gaes round.*

Pat. A laird of twa good whiſtles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my truſty tenants, on the bent,
Is a' my great eſtate—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whiſht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your hand;
Aft-times as broken a ſhip has come to land.

Sir William *looks a little at* Patie's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*

Elſ. Preſerve's! the man's a warlock, or poſſeſt
Wi' ſome nae good,—or ſecond ſight, at leaſt:
Where is he now?———

Gla.————He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elſ. Thae ſecond-ſighted fowk (His peace be here;)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can ſee my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Spear at him, ſoon as he comes to himſell)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir William? Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words, like ane that raves,

Sym. He'll ſoon grow better;—Elſpa, haſte ye, gae
And fill him up a toſs of uſquebae.

Sir WILLIAM ſtarts up, and ſpeaks.

A knight that for a LYON fought
Againſt a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which ſome thouſands ſhares.

But now again the LYON rares,
And joy ſpreads o'er the plain:
The LYON has deſeat the bears,
The knight returns again.
That knight, in a few days, ſhall bring
A ſhepherd frae the fauld,
And ſhall preſent him to his king,
A ſubject true and bald.
He MR PATRICK *ſhall be call'd:*
All you that hear me now,
May weel believe what I have tald,
For it ſhall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm red you've bargain'd wi' the de'il,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep:
Or do ye get them tald ye in your ſleep?

S. Wil. Howe'er I get them, never faſh your beard;
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

Sym. You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken,

The whimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.
Gla. It's nae ſma' ſport to hear how Sym be-
lieves,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wiſh, we trow at ony rate.
S. Wil. Whiſht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.
Glr. Weel, be't ſae, friend, I ſhall ſay naithing
mair;
But I've twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wiſh you cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.
S. Will Nae mair thro' ſecrets I can ſift,
Till darkneſs black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae reſt a while content.
Sym Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch butt ſome
meat,
And of your beſt gar this auld ſtranger eat.
S. Wil. Delay a while your hoſpitable care;
I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm and fair,

Around yon ruin'd tow'r to fetch a walk,
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

Sym. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire:--
And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Gla. I'll out a while, and ſee the young anes play.
My heart's ſtill light, albeit my locks be gray.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

JENNY pretends an errand hame;
Young ROGER draps the reſt,
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, weel hid frae ſight, they meet:
See, JENNY's *laughing;* ROGER's *like to greet.*
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. DEAR Jenny, I wad ſpeak t'ye, wad ye let;
And yet I ergh ye're ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

Jen. And what wad Roger ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye're to ſeek!

Rog. Yes, ye may gueſs right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een.
And I man out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn
Ah! cou'd I loo you leſs, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd you but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay that e'er I ſaid you nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my father, couſin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye a' I beſt had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?--ſayna that again;
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however that ye yet ſtand free;
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee ye ſet
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How ſweet we breathe, whene're we kiſs, or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to gi'e conſent,
Than we our daffin and tint pow'r repent;
When priſon'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when, for ſake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mear:
Or when dull parents, bairns together bind,
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou ſhou'd ſcorn,—ſtill to delight in thee.

Jen. What ſugar'd word's frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen, wi' ſhining fair, the morning riſe,
And ſoon the ſleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies.
I've ſeen the ſiller ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear:
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may ſmile;
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've ſeen the morning riſe wi' faireſt light,
The day unclouded ſink in calmeſt night.

I've ſeen the ſpring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increaſe, and join the ocean without ſtain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoice thro' life, and a' your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but ſure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I maun own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!——
This guſt of pleaſure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiſs till we be tir'd
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return o' day.
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And briſs thy bonny breaſts and lips to mine.

Which may be ſung as follows,

SANG XIII. *Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

Were I aſſur'd you'd conſtant prove,
You ſhou'd nae mair complain;
The eaſy mind, beſet wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain:
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline;
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny then ſae kind?
O let me briſs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine:
Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.
Come, preſs thy mouth to mine.

Jen. With equal joy my eaſy heart gi'es way,
To own thy weel-try'd love has won the day.

Now, by thae warmeſt kiſſes thou haſt tane,
Swear thus to love me when by vows made ane.
Rog. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb;
There ſhall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree wi' me to lead your life.

SANG XIV. O'er Bogie.

JENNY.

Weel, I agree, you're ſure o' me;
Next to my father gae:
Mak him content to gi'e conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay:
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
When bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain;
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like thoſe in high degree:
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Reg. My faulds contain twice fifteen ſorrow Nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a heartſome houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a'; which now gi'es joy to me,
Becauſe I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair.
My love and a' is yours; now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my beſt.--But ſee wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg;--beſides, I maunna ſtay:
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal o' ſcorn.

Reg. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep triſte, and meet me there;--there let us meet,
To kiſs and tell our love;--there's nought ſae ſweet

Reg. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow Nowt,
As mony newcal in my byers rowt:
Five pack of woo' I can at Lammas fell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hear some houſe and tight,
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me as, which now grieves to me,
Became I can gi'e a', my dear, to thee:
And had [illegible] times as meikle mair,
Naue but my jenny ſhoun the ſamen ſkair.
My love and [illegible] yours: now had them faſt,
And guide them as we like, to gar them laſt.

Jen. I'll do my [illegible] who comes this way,
Patie and Meg;--beſides, I maunna ſtay.
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be ſeen, we'll drie a deal o' ſcorn.

Reg. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep triſte, and meet me there;--there let us meet,
To kiſs and tell our love;--there's nought ſae ſweet

To whom belongs this house so much deceyb'd
ACT III. SCENE IV.

SCENE IV.

This ſcene preſents the KNIGHT *and* SYM
Within a gallery of the place,
Where a' looks ruinous aud grim;
Nor has the Baron ſhewn his face,
But joking wi' his ſhepherd leel,
Aſt ſpeers the gate he kens fu' weel.

Sir WILLIAM *and* SYMON.

S. Wil. TO whom belongs this houſe, ſo much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that loſt it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the head up, when rebellious tail
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our maſter's name,
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now *He's come hame.*

(Sir William *draps his maſking-beard;*
Symon, *tranſported, ſees*
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.)

My maſter! my dear maſter!--do I breathe
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith;

Return'd to chear his wiſhing tenant's ſight,
To bleſs his SON, my charge, the world's delight!

S. Will. Riſe, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And I confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock:--neiſt, my ain judgement fand
Out reaſons plenty; ſince, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. Wil. And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends: which gi'es their ſauls a caſt,
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

Sym. Now, weel I wat, Sir, ye ha'e ſpoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's ſon that's loo'd by few:
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about ſornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimp of manners as of ſenſe and grace;
Oppreſſing a', as puniſhment of their ſin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:

Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's ſae unjuſt
To his ain fam'ly, as to gi'e him truſt.

S. Wil. Such uſeleſs branches of a commonwealth
Shou'd be lopt off, to gi'e a ſtate mair health,
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all the obſervations on my ſon:
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe;
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuſe.

Sym. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſummer day
Wad be o'er ſhort,--cou'd I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae weel behave,
That out o' ſight he rins afore the lave;
And whan there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt;
And his decreet ſtands good;--he'll gar it ſtand;
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand;
Wi' a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

S. Wil. Your tale much pleaſes--my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

Sym. Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gi'e him at the ſchool enough o' lear;
And he delites in books:--he reads, and ſpeaks
Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S. Wil. Where gets he books to read?--and of
what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.
Sym. Whene'er he drives our ſheep to Edinburgh
port,
He buys ſome books, of hiſt'ry, ſangs, or ſport:
Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakeſpear, and a famous Ben,
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling ſing,
And ane ca'd--Cowley, loyal to his king,
He kens fu' weel, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought he made o'er great a phraſe
About fine poems, hiſtories, and plays,
When I reprov'd him anes,--a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.
S. Wil. He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad
my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear.
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
Sym. What ken we better, that ſae ſindle look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
When we a leaf or twa haff read, haff ſpell,
Till a' the reſt ſleep round, as weel's ourſell?

He's but a raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve. (for't;
Mau. Ye towz'd him tightly,—I commend ye
His blooding ſnout gae me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna ſtand
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand. (bear,
Mad. A witch!—How had ye patience this to
And leave him een to ſee or lugs to hear? (mine
Mau. Auld wither'd hands and feeble joints like
Obliges fowk reſentment to decline;
Till aft it's ſeen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lake of pith ſupplie.
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we ſhou'd gang to wark:
I'm ſure he'll keep his triſte; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.
Mad. And ſpecial ſport we'll ha'e, as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt;
A linen ſheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane, and ſhake my head.
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A-conjuring, to do a laſſie wrang. (night.
Mau. Then let us gae; for ſee, it's hard on

The weſtlin clouds ſhines red wi' ſetting light.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
Ana the green ſwaird grows damp wi' falling dew,
While good Sir William is to reſt retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inſpir'd,
Walks thro' the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak fareweel.

Rog. WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light;
O, Mr Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle fowk are farer ſeen than we
That naithing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding,—ſweet,—and nae mair ſcorn.
I ſpake my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpake again,
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindneſs, words that love confeſt,
He a' the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he held me to his manly breaſt.
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing of my youth;
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceſu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend ſire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual tranſports made my head turn round,
Whilſt I myſell, wi' riſing raptures, found
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard!—too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids.—Ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart ſhall ſooner ceaſe.

Rog. How to adviſe ye troth I'm at a ſtand:
But were't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

Pat. Duty, and haſten reaſon, plead his cauſe:
But what cares love for reaſon, rules, and laws?
Still in my heart my ſhepherdeſs excells,
And part of my new happineſs repells.

SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty, and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parent's ſide,
Which love ſo ſuperior calls treaſon;
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:
For now, tho' I'm ane of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repells:
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.

Reg. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only ſon.
Pat. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love;
And frae theſe bands nae change my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe; thro' life I will be true;
But ſtill obedience is a parent's due.
Reg. Is not our maſter and yourſell to ſtay
Amang us here!—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?
Pat. To Edinburgh ſtraight to-morrow we advance;

To London neiſt; and afterwards to France,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three ither monkey-tricks.—That done,
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then it's deſign'd, when I ean weel behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that, I wat weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news, ſhall hear my death.

Rog. They wha ha'e juſt enough, can ſoundly ſleep:
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.——

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it, kings are poor.

Rog. But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pick it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, and red wine,
Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
Obeyſant ſervants, honour, wealth, and eaſe:
Wha's no content wi' thae, are ill to pleaſe.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks na far amiſs;
But a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliſs.
The paſſions rule the roaſt;—and, if they're fowr,
Like the lean ky, will ſoon the fat devour.
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with fowk o'erlaid with eaſe;
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, wi' leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
How gat ye a' that ſenſe, I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear? (ſkill;

Pat. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome
Thae beſt can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends, that ever pleaſe.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me whilk to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhould ſell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're deſign'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies:—his will maun be obey'd;

My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride;
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here;
I ſent for Peggy.—Yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye truſt me wi' the ſecret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the de'ils defy. *Exit.* Roger.

PATIE ſolus.

Wi' what a ſtruggle maun I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken ſhe looes; and her ſaft ſaul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment.—Heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.—
Her eyes are red!———

Enter PEGGY.

———My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare na think ſae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made nae me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, ſee frae the coaſt

The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt?
Like to be carry'd, by ſome rever's hand,
Far frae his wiſhes, to ſome diſtant land! (mains
Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, while it wi' me re-
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown.
I falſehood hate: come, kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love, as weel as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the taſk to me,
To mak ſtrict duty and true love agree. (grief:
Peg. Speak on!—ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire.
That wi' nice air ſwims round in ſilk attire;
Then I, poor me?—wi' ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my handſome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay;
As aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpoſe, that I might be tane,
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll ereep,

To watch and ſtare upon thee while aſleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me eaſe;
May ſudden death or deadly fair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife!

SANG XVI. *Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder,*

Speak on,—ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate muſt from his Peggy ſunder;
A gentler face, and ſilk attire,
A lady rich, in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake, poor me! will now conſpire,
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's boſom.

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praiſes tell:
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.
Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again, ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know wi' ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heav'n, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhould prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Pat. Sure heav'n approves—and be aſſur'd o' me,
I'll near gang back o' what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this iſle;
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune, ſhou'd it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my feet were crowns and ſceptres laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightfu' maid!
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things,
To ſic as ha'e the patience to be kings.——
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words ſae kind.
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair

Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy gen'rous thoughts will ſave thy love for me.
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
And a' the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms,
To mak me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud;—he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk ſchool;
Where I may manners learn.———

SANG XVII. *Tweed-ſide.*

When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſave't for thy ſake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay,
And my ſoul keep him e'er in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.

Whilſt thou was a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade, like the gowans in May;
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the huſband ha'e ſenſe to approve.

Pat.——————That's wiſely ſaid;
And what he wares that way ſhall be weel paid.
Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart:
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes to innocence unkend;
Affect aftimes to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate:
Laugh, whan we're ſad; ſpeak, when we've nought to ſay;
And, for the faſhion, whan we're blyth, ſeem wae;

Pay compliments to them we aft hae ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill;---but I'll be ought wi' thee.

Pat. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jeſt
Wi' gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt
Gude manners gi'e integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

Peg. Since wi' nae hazard, and ſae ſma' expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhould the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his ſon,
For watna-whats, ſae great a riſk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt but travelling does improve;
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love.
But ſoon as I've ſhook off my landart caſt
In forcign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry ſetting day, and riſing morn,
I'll kneel to heav'n, and aſk thy ſafe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to rin and play;

And to the Hiſſel-ſhaw, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, andtell the trees and flow'rs,
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

SANG XVIII. *Buſh aboon Traquair.*

At ſetting day, and riſing morn,
Wi' ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
Wi a' that can improve thee.
I'll viſit aft the Birken-buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh
Whilſt round thou didſt infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
To Greenwood-ſhaw or fountain,
Or where the ſimmer-day I'd ſhare
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy templesfair,
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair;

Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs and wear about my arm. (pleaſe,

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to
I'd gi'e the beſt I cou'd wi' the ſame eaſe;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot leſs generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it's wi' kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

Exeunt.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy ſtares like ane poſſeſt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly reſt.
Bare-leg'd, wi' night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the ſot.

Sym. WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowſy ſleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake and glowr, and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

Baul. O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy,—legs wi' ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be myſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

Symon *gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, gowk! to mak ſae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tred.

What want ye, Bailiffs, at this early hour?
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day light ye
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously aſteer.

Sym. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your
reſt.

But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit op-
preſt.

He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled wi' a ghaiſt.

Baul. O ay, 5-dear Sir, in troth it's very true.

And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM *Falling*

I lang to hear't ——

Baul. —— Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Maui,

That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,

Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me, wi' her arts

To gain a bonny thrawa, I met wi'er this night.

As ſhe had tryſted, I mine get ſie a ſight.

But may nae friend o' mine get ſie a ſight.

For the curs'd hag, inſtead o' dooing me good,

The very thought o' t's like to freeze my blood.

Rais'd up a ghaiſt, or de'il, I kenna whan.

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

S. Wil. How goes the night? does day light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeouſly aſteer.
Sym. I'm ſorry, Sir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt:
But ſome ſtrange thing has Bauldy's ſp'rit oppreſt;
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled wi' a ghaiſt.
Baul. O ay,--dear Sir, in troth it's very true:
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILLIAM ſmiling

I lang to hear't———
Baul. ———Ah, Sir! the witch ca'd Mauſe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me, wi' her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart.
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night;
But may nae friend o' mine get ſic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, inſtead o' dooing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt, or de'il, I kenna whilk,

Like a dead corſe, in ſheet as white as milk:
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death.
Upon me faſt the witch and it fell baith,
And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at ſchool.
My heart out o' its hool was like to loup;
I pithleſs grew wi' fear, and had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vaniſh'd quite:
Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, and ſpite,
Crap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the de'il his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Mauſe be brunt.

S. Wil. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's juſt ſhall granted be;
Let Mauſe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your honour; ſoon ſhall I obey:
But firſt I'll Roger raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, ere ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantrips that bring up the de'il.

Exit Bauldy.

S. Wil. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport.
What ſilly notions crowd the clouded mind

That is, through want of education, blind!

Sym. But does your honour think there's nae ſic thing,
As witches raiſing de'ils up through a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

S. Wil. Such as, the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongſt a few old women craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his dowp;
Appearing ſometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a ſow:
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-ſtaffs ride;
Or in an egg-ſhell ſkim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night bumbaze hard-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-boards, chairs, and ſtools:
Whate'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Sym. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But Mauſe, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life;

That gars me think this hobleshew that's past
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

S. Wil. I'm ſure it will :--but ſee, increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night;
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray:
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day;

Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow:
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While ſuſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietneſs of mind
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate;

Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her boſom fair,
Wi' a blew ſnood Jenny binds up her hair:
Glaud by his morning ingle taks a beek,
The riſing ſun ſhines motty thro' the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Gla. I Wiſh, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
Ye dinna uſe ſae ſoon to ſee the light.
Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,
To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang.
But do you think, that now, whan he's a laird,
That he poor landward laſſes will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young maſter now, I'm very ſure
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor.
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my couſin there frae lug to lug.

Gla. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be adviſ'd, his company refrain:
Before, he as a ſhepherd ſought a wife,

Wi' her to live a chaſte and frugal life;
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake!—what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't; elſe I ha'e tint my ſkill.

Gla. Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair;
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name:
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they ha'e had the clap.
They'll tempt young things, like you, wi' youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I ſay; and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bour'd wi' ſic as he.

Peg. Sir William's virtuous. and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

Gla. That's true; and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer, better are than we;
But thinner ſawn: They're ſae puft up wi' pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That ſhaws the gate to heaven.--I've heard myſell,
Some o' them laugh at doomſday, ſin, and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;

Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a GOD.

Gla. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curſe, debauch, and drink;
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to ſic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face ſome ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haſte, haſte ye; we're a' ſent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd ſome odd debate
'Tween Mauſe and Bauldy, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell,
At Symon's houſe: the knight ſits judge himſell

Gla. Lend me my ſtaff;—Madge, lock the outer-door,
And bring the laſſes wi' ye: I'll ſtep before.

Exit Glaud.

Mad. Poor Meg! look, Jenny, was the like e'er ſeen?
How bleer'd and red wi' greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer taks his horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at Edinburgh croſs;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice ſword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that ſmells like new-won hay;
To leave the green-ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle 'mang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But Meg, poor Meg? maun wi' the ſhepherd ſtay,
And tak what God will ſend, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
It's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
Ane'er had notic'd Patie on the green.
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhou'd I repine?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine;
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny ſtory, trouth!—but we delay:
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Manse,
Attend, and wi' loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
For now it's tell'd him that the tax
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
And wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

S. Wil. AND was that all! Weel, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
Besides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Man. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I kend na that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your honour, I believ'd it weel;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the de'il:

Yet, wi' your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She' baith a flee and a revengefu' ——
And that my fome-place finds:—but I had beſt
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaiſt,
And the young bonny witch, whoſe roſie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the de'il to ſeek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, *and* JENNY.

Sir WILLIAM, *looking at* PEGGY,

Whoſe daughter's ſhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face ſo fair, and looks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her eyes! what's this? I find
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

Gla. ——Sir, ſhe's my niece,—
And yet ſhe's not:—But I ſhou'd hald my peace.

S. Wil. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is and is not! pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Gla. Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhou'd mak appear
What I ha'e kept a ſecret thirteen years——

Mau. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. Wil. Speak soon; I'm all impatience——

Pat.——So I'm I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gla. Then, since my master orders, I obey.

This bonny fundling, as clear morn of May,

Close by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms; the bairnie smil'd

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: She has past sincesyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood:

Of whom I kenna.——Naething ken I mair,

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. Wil. This tale seems strange!——

Pat.——The tale delights mine ear.

S. Wil. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mau. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid a' be (hush,
Peggy may smile;—thou hast nae cause to blush.
Lang ha'e I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim:
He saw't at first, and wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. Wil. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. Wil. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

Mause *goes forward leading* Peggy *to Sir* William.

Mau. Sir, view me weel; has fifteen years so plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

That here I ſtan unknown ſtrunger ſtand,
Who nurſt her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand.

S. Wil. Ha! honeſt nurſe, where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?

Sir William *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*

Yes, ſurely thou'rt my niece; truth muſt prevail:
But no more words, till Mauſe relate her tale.

Pat. Good nurſe, gae on; nae muſic's half ſae ſiueet,
Or can gi'e pleaſure like theſe words of thine.

Mau. Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The ſtory's lang; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſued, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard wi' horror, and wi' trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed!
That very night, when a' were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight-hour, the floor I ſaftly preſt,

And now the sleeping innocent away
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day:
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey lighted by the moon.
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains;
Afraid of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon, may
Remember weel, how I that very day.
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud with tears of joy hoping down his beard.

I weel remember't; Lord reward your love:
Lang ha'e I wish'd for this: for ait I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shou'd about be brought.

Pat. It's now a crime to doubt; — my joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows; and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. Wil. My niece! my daughter! welcome to
my care;
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick. Now my greateſt aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.
Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to Sir* William.

Pat. Wi' as much joy this bleſſing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's ſinking in a wave.

Sir WILLIAM *raiſes them.*

I give you both my bleſſing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and ſtill improve.

Peg. My wiſhes are complete,—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the bleſt ſurpriſe.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir William bleſs the happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſter be,
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gi'e:
Th' eſtate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

Gla. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.

S. Wil. The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an eſtate,
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his ſake only, I'll ay thankfu' bow
For ſuch a kindneſs, beſt of men, to you.

Sym. What double blythneſs wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Shall I unſaddle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Mauſe's plot.

S. Wil. Kindly old man, remain with you this day
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray:
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſy gard'ners ſhall new planting rear;
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Gla. God ſave the king, and ſave Sir William lang.
T' enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherd's ſang.

Rog. Wha winna dance? wha will refuſe to ſing
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna lilt the ſpring?

Bauld. I'm friends wi' Mauſe,--wi' very Madge I'm
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly fleid: (greed,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing *Lang may Sir* William *live.*

Mad. Lang may he live:--and, Bauldy, learn to
Your gab a wee, and think before ye ſpeak; (fleck
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

Peg. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I grateful be,
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done to me?

Mau. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. Wil. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you,
And to your heirs, I give an endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,

For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe in calmneſs cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your maker's praiſe.

Omnes. The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.

PATIE, *preſenting* Roger *to* Sir William,

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd
My boſom-ſecrets, e're I was a laird;
Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, thinkna ſhame)
Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb; at laſt he ſpake, and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon:
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to Glaud for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

S. Wil. My ſon's demand is fair.—Glaud, let me crave,
That truſty Roger may your daughter have,
With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

Gla. You crowd your bounties, Sir; what can we ſay,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay;
Whate'er your honour wills, I ſhall obey.

Roger, my daughter, wi' my bleſſing, tak,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs mak.
Pleaſe him, be faithfu', and this auld gray head
Shall nod wi' quietneſs down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good at ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraiſe:
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

S. Wil. My friends, I'm ſatisfy'd you'll all be-have,
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous; ſoon or late you'll find
Reward, and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd:
Oft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn, with joy, diſpels our care.
Now all's at nights, who ſings beſt, let me hear.

Rog. Whan you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey:
I'll ſing you ane the neweſt that I hae.

SANG XIX. *Bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy:
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's comely in his wauking:
The shining of his een surprise;
It's heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a hawk,
Where yellow corn was growing:
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.
Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting!
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry PATIE,
And syne my cockernony.
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Exeunt Omnes.

PAINTER.

Familiar Epiſtles between Lieutenant WILLIAM HAMILTON *and* ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!
Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as ſoon ding down Tamtallan
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae Parnaſſus thou didſt thunder,
Wi' wit and ſkill,
Wherefore I'll ſoberly knock under,
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quinteſſence
Thou has ſuck'd up, left nae excreſſence
To petty poets, or ſic meſſens,
Tho' round thy ſtool,
They may pick crumbs, and lear ſome leſſons
At Ramſay's ſchool.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
Were yet alive in London town,

4. *Tamtallan.*] *An old fortification upon the firth of Forth in East Lothian.*
13. *Tho' Ben.*] *The celebrated Ben Johnſon.*

Like kings contending for a crown;
'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o'you three wad gar words sound
And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
We'rt in my pow'r but I'd create
Thee upo' sight the laureat
Of this our age,
Since thou may'st fairly claim to that
As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
To their great loss;
And send them a' right sneaking hame
Be Weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,
Which come from thy poetic quarry,
As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rottle,
And be as light as Aristotle,

19 *The Laureat.*]
Scots Ramsay press'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it:
But risit *Apollo and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,*
Your wit is obscure to one half of the isle.
B. Sess. of Poets.

At Ed'nburgh we ſall hae a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my haff-pay filler ſhottle[31]
Can ſafely ſpare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk often does our ſpirits drain
Of true content;
Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain,
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a laſting league,
Free of ill aſpect or intrigue,
And gin you pleaſe it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
We'll ſolemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude, and end my ſonnet,
Who am moſt fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,
Yours—*Wanton Willy.*

POSTCRIPT.

BY this my poſtſcript I incline
To let you ken my hail deſign

31. *Haff-pay.*] *He held his commiſſion honourably in my Lord Hyndford's regiment.*

And may the ſtars who ſhine aboon
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auſpicious ſoon,
And cheriſh ay ſae fine a ſpirit.

Of ſic a lang imperfect line,
Lies in this ſentence,
To cultivate my dull engine
By your acquaintance.

Your anſwer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct,
At Gilbertfield do not neglect
When ye have leiſure,
Which I'll embrace with great reſpect,
And perfect pleaſure.

ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly;
Not a fow pint, nor ſhort-hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd pleaſe ſae meikle, my dear Billy,
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goſſy Don's he candle-light,
There firſt I ſaw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maiſt feck
Wha's ſeen't ſinſyne, they ca'd as tight
As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna ſay
But I may cock my noſe the day,
When Hamilton the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy,

51. *Gilbertfield.*] *Nigh Glaſgow.*

In verſe that ſlides ſae ſmooth away,
Well tell'd and eaſy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettle,
Nae ſma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd critics it will nettle,
And e'en ſae be't:
This month I'm ſure I winna ſettle,
Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud firſt to cun verſe,
And cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearſe,
Where Bonny Heck ran faſt and fierce,
It warm'd my breaſt;
Then emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ſince ne'er ceaſt.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little,
Ye're never rugget, ſhan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby.
And hit the ſpirit to a title,
Of ſtandart Habby.

Ye'll quat your quill! that were ill-willy,
Ye's ſing ſome mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but ſpill ye,
And gar ye four,
Then up and war them a' yet Willy,
'Tis in your power.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
And then to card them round about,

18. *Ardry Whins,*] *The laſt words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.*

24. *Standart Habby.*] *The elegy on Habby Simſon, piper of Kilbarchan, a finiſh'd piece of its kind.*

Syne to tell up, they downa lout
To lift the gear
The maliſon lights on that rout,
Is plain and clear.

The chiels of London, Cam, and Ox,
Ha'e rais'd up great poetic ſtocks
Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,
While we neglect
To ſhaw their betters. This provokes
Me to reflect.

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell;
Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair ſnack and ſnell
At verſe or proſe;
Our kings were poets too themſell,
Bauld and jocoſe.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, when e'er ye come,
I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
Were't frae the gill bells to the drum,
And tak a bout,
And faith I hope we'll not ſit dumb,
Nor yet caſt out.

37. *Gawn Dunkell.*] *Gawn Douglaſs, brother to the earl of Angus, biſhop of Dunkell, who, beſides ſeveral original poems, hath left a moſt exact tranſlation of Virgil's Aeneis.*

40. *Our kings.*] *James the firſt and fifth.*

43. *Frae the gill bells.*] *From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the muſic-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells from peoples taking a whetting dram at that time. To the drum, at ten a'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn ſober folks to call for a bill.*

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epiſtle,
It made me dance, and ſing, and whiſtle;
O ſic a ſike and ſic a ſiſtle
I had about it!
That e'er was knight of the Scots thiſtle
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou ſent me,
How to the nines they did content me;
Tho' Sir, ſae high to compliment me,
Ye might deſer'd,
For had ye but haſt well a kent me,
Some leſs wad ſer'd.

With joyfu' heart beyond expreſſion,
They're ſafely now in my poſſeſſion:
O gin I war a winter ſeſſion,
Near by thy lodging,
I'd cloſe attend thy new profeſſion
Without e'er budging.

In even down earneſt, there's but few
To vie with Ramſay dare avow,

4. *Knight of the Scots thiſtle.*] *The ancient and moſt noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary enſign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green riband, to which was appended a thiſtle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto.* Nemo me impune lacceſſit.

In verſe, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,
Thou's better at that trade, I trow,
Than ſome's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better lear't,
To troke with thee I'd beſt forbear't,
For an' the fouk of Ed'nburgh hear't,
They'll ca' me daft;
I'm unco' irl and dirt feart
I mak wrang waft.

Thy verſes nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket;
I ergh to reply, leſt I ſtick it,
Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whoſe pouch is picket
As bare's my loof.

Heh winſom! how thy ſaft ſweet ſtyle,
And bonny auld words gar me ſmile;
Thou's travell'd ſure mony a mile
Wi' charge and coſt,
To learn them thus keep rank and file,
And ken their poſt.

For I maun tell thee honeſt Allie
(I uſe the freedom ſo to call thee)
I think them a' ſae braw and walie,
And in ſic order,
I wad nae care to be thy vallie,
Or thy recorder.

Haſt thou with Roſicrucians wandert,
Or thro' ſome dongie deſart dandert?

16. *Than ſome's at preaching.*] *This compliment is entirely free of the fulſome hyperbole.*

33. *Roſicrucians.*] *A people deeply learned in the*

That with thy magic, town and landart,
For ought I see,
Maun a' come truckle to thy ſtandart
Of poetrie.

Do not miſtake me, deareſt heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black art;
'Tis thy good genius ſtill alert,
That does inſpire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and ſmart
To thy deſire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
Bra to ſet o'er a pint of ale;
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
Againſt a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a mail,
For ſic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
As either thee, or honeſt Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet pluſh,
And then thou'd be ſo far frae ſhabby,
Thou'd look right ſpruſh.

What tho' young empty airy ſparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
'Tis ſma preſumption
To ſay they're but unlearned clarks,
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
To tye up a' their lang looſe lether;

occult ſciences, who converſed with aerial beings.
Gentleman-like kind of necromancers, or ſo-

If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an' they winna had their blether,
They's get a flewet.

To learn them to peep and pry
In ſecret drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them ſke'lums,
I'm ſure thou needs ſet little by
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm ſae bleirt and doited,
That when I raiſe, in troth I ſtoited;
I thought I ſhou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a gird,
Upon my bum I fairly cloited
On the cald eard:

Which did oblige a little dumple
Upon my doup, cloſe by my rumple:
But had ye ſeen how I did trumple,
Ye'd ſplit your ſide,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
Like trough of Clyde.

ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, Auguſt 4th, 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye'll turn me dyver,
My muſe ſae bonny ye deſcrive her;
Ye blaw her ſae, I'm fear ye rive her,
For wi' a whid,

Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
She'll rin red-wood.
Said I,—— 'Whisht (quoth the vougy Jade)
'William's a wise judicious lad,
'Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
'Ill-bred bog-staker;
'But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd,
'Ye poor scull-thacker.

'It sets ye well indeed to gadge!
'E'er I t' Apollo did ye cadge,
'And got ye on his honour's badge,
'Ungratefou beast,
'A Glasgow capon and a fadge
'Ye thought a feast.

'Swith to Castalius' fountain brink,
'Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,

4. *Rin red-wood.*] *Run distracted.*

7. *Ill-bred bog-staker, but me, &c.*] *The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to list my head a little brisker amang the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull-thacker*, i. e. *thatcher of soulls.*

9 *It sets you well indeed to gadge.*] *Ironically she says it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront my benefactress, by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.*

12 *A Glasgow capon, &c.*] *A herring. A fadge.*] *A coarse kind of leaven'd bread, used by the common people.*

14 *Dad down a grouf.*] *Fall flat on your belly.*

'Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
'And do my bidding;
'Be thankfou, else I'se gar ye stink
'Yet on a midding.'

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble
Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble;
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil
Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I've tell'd my friend may learn
How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I'd better been a yont side Kairn-
amount, I trow;
I've kiss'd the taz, like a good bairn,
Now, Sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
Lang may ye yelp to toom a barrel;
Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,
When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn gabbed sumphs that snarl
At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says, ye're well worth gowd,
And blythness on ye's well bestow'd,
'Mang witty Scots ye't name's be row'd,
Ne'er fame to tine;
The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd,
But ye shall shine.

23 *Kairn-amount.*] *A noted hill in the north of Scotland.*

24 *I've kiss'd the taz.*] *Kiss'd the road, own'd my fault like a good child.*

Set out the burnt ſide of your ſhin,
For pride in poets is nae ſin;
Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their jo;
And wha blaws beſt the horn ſhall win;
And wharefore no?

Quiſquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
Shaw ſcanter ſkill, than *malos mores*,
Multi et magni men before us
Did ſtamp and ſwagger,
Probatum eſt, *exemplum* Horace
Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofart's faſh'd wi' ſpleen,
Caſt up the wrang ſide of their een,
Pegh, fry, and girn, wi' ſpite and teen,
And ſa a flyting;
Laugh, for the lively lads will ſereen
Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypſies dinna ſpung us,
And foreign whiſkers ha'e na dung us;
Gin I can ſnifter thro' mundugus,
Wi' boots and belt on,
I hope to ſee you at St Mungo's
Atween and beltan.

33. *Set out the burnt ſide of your ſhin.*] *As if one would ſay, Walk ſtately with your toes out.' An expreſſion uſed when we would bid a perſon merrily, look briſk.*

48. *St Mungo's.*] *The high church of Glaſgow.*

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, Auguſt 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and laſt eſſay
Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright Ramſay, and altho' it may
Seem doilt and donſie,
Yet thrice of all things, I heard ſay,
Was ay right ſonſie.

Wharefore I ſcarce cou'd ſleep or ſlumber,
'Till I made up that happy number;
The pleaſure counterpois'd the cumber,
In every part,
And ſnoov't away like three hand ombre,
Sixpence a cart.

Of thy laſt poem, being date
Auguſt the fourth I grant receipt;
It was ſae bra, gart me look blate,
'Maiſt tyne my ſenſes,
And look juſt like poor country Kate
In Lucky Spence's.

I ſhaw'd it to our pariſh-prieſt,
Wha was as bly as gi'm a feaſt;
He ſays, thou may had up thy creſt,
And craw fu' crouſe,

8. *Snoov't away.*] *Whirl'd ſmoothly round.* Snooving *always expreſſes the action of a top or ſpindle, &c.*

12. *Country Kate.*] *Vide Lucky Spence's elegy, Ramſay's Poems.*

The poets a' to thee's but jeſt,
Not worth a ſouce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muſe,
Of compliments is ſae profuſe,
For my good havins dis me rooſe
Sae very finely,
It were ill breeding to refuſe
To thank her kindly.

What tho' ſometimes in angry mood,
When ſhe puts on her barlichood,
Her dialect ſeem rough and rude,
Let's neer be fleet,
But tak our bit when it is good,
Aud buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll take the flings; verſe may grow ſcanter,
Syne wi' great ſhame
We'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha's to blame?

But let us ſtill her kindneſs culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little ſoulzie,
In ſic a barter;
And ſhe'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I ſcarce dare apen mair,

27. *She'll take the flings.*] *Turn ſullen, reſtive, and kick.*

'Till I tak better wi' the lair,
My pen's ſae blunted;
And a for fear I file the fair,
And be affronted.

The dull draff drink makes me ſae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet ſet me in a claret howff,
Wi' ſouk that's chancy,
My muſe may len me then a gowff
To clear my fancy.

Then Bacchus like I'd bawl and bluſter,
And a' the muſes 'bout me muſter;
Sae merrily I'd ſqueeze the cluſter,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verſe a brighter luſtre,
And better ſhape.

The pow'rs aboon be ſtill auſpicious
To thy atchievements maiſt delicious;
Thy poems' ſweet and nae way vicious,
But blyth and kanny:
To ſee I'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy miſcellany.

A' bleſſings, Ramſay, on thee row;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,

36. *For fear I file the fair.*] *This phraſe is uſed when one attempts to do what's handſome, and is affronted by not doing it right.—not a reaſonable fear in him.*

37. *Dull draff-drink.*] *Heavy malt-liquor.*

49. *A' bleſſings, &c.*] *All this verſe is a ſuccinct cluſter of kind wiſhes, elegantly expreſs'd. with a*

Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
And thro' thy creed,
Be keeped frae the wirrieow
After thou's dead.

ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, September 2d, 1719.

My Truſty TROJAN,

THY laſt oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auld farren jokes,
And ſonſie ſaw of three, provokes
Me anes again,
Tod lowrie like, to looſe my pocks,
And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly ſcan the man well-bred,
And ſoger that, where honour led,
Has ventur'd baul'd;
Wha' now to youngſters leaves the yed,
To 'tend his fald.

That bang'ſter billy, Caeſar July,
Wha at Pharſalia wan the tooly,

friendly ſpirit, to which I take the liberty to add, Amen.

4. *Tod lowrie like*] *Like Reynard the fox, to betake myſelf to ſome more of my wiles.*

8. *Leaves the yed to 'tend his fald.*] *Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.*

Had better ſped, had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' life,
And 'midſt his glories ſheath'd his gooly,
And kiſs'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the muſes woo'd.
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The ſenate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

Yet ſometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, and ſhady ſcrog,
And helm a lee the claret cog,
To clear your wit:
Be blyth, and let the warld e'en ſhog,
As it thinks fit.

Ne'er faſh about your neiſt year's ſtate,
Nor with ſuperiors debate,
Nor cantrapes caſt to ken your fate;
There's ills anew
To cram our days which ſoon grow late;
Let's live juſt now.

When northern blaſts the ocean ſnurl,
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn,

13. *As well he cou'd.*] *'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.*

27. *Toom the horn.*] *'Tis frequent in the country to drink beer out of horn-cups, made in ſhape of a winter glaſs.*

Grip faſt the hours which haſty hurl,
The morn's the morn.

Thus to Leuconoe ſang ſweet Flaccus,
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus:
And why ſhould we let whimſies bawk us,
When joy's in ſeaſon,
And thole ſae aft the ſpleen to whauk us
Out of our reaſon?

Tho' I were laird of tenſcore acres,
Nodding to jouks of hallenſhakers,
Yet cruſh'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
Contentment ruins,
I'd rather rooſt wi' cauſey rakers,
And ſup cauld ſowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
A doll of roaſt beef pyping het,
And wi' red wine their wyſon wet,
And cleathing clegn,
And be nae ſick, or drown'd in debt,
They're no to mean.

I read this verſe to my ain kimmer,
Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,

29. *Thus to Leuconoe.*] *Vide Book I.* 11. *Ode of Horace.*

34. *Hallenſhakers.*] *A hallen is a fence (built of ſtone, turf, or a moveable flake of leather) at the ſides of the door in country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling attendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is alſo expreſſed in the term* hallenſhaker.

Or sic and sic good belly timmer:
Quoth she, and leugh,
'Sicker of thae winter and simmer,
Ye're well eneugh.'

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alpines and Pyrenians.
The chearfou carles do sae yelp
To ha'e's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme sae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-waul'd ware,
Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare
To ha'e them by them;
Tho' gaffin they wi' sides sae fair,
Cry, 'Wae gae by him!'

Fair fa that soger did invent
To ease the poets toil wi' print:
Now, William, we maun to the bent,
And pouss our fortune,
And crack wi' lads wha're well content
Wi' this our sporting.

51. *Gars fowk gae gare.*] *Make people very earnest.*

52. *Wi' sides sae fair, cry, 'Wae gae by him!'*] *'Tis usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest: but the folks of more tender consciences have turned expletives to friendly wishes, such as this; or, Sonse fa' ye,' and the like.*

Gin ony four mou'd girning bucky,
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we like nags whaſe necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth;
I'll anſwer fine,——Gae kiſs ye'er Lucky,
She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er wi lang tales faſh my head,
But when I ſpeak, I ſpeak indeed:
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I'll own I am ſae:
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.

An Epiſtle *to* Lieutenant HAMILTON, *on the receiving the* Compliment *of a* Barrel *of* Lochfin Herrings *from him.*

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
In healſome brine a' ſoumin,
Fu' fat they are and guſty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on;
Bra ſappy fiſh
As ane cou'd wiſh

60. *Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky, &c.*] *Is a cant phraſe, from what riſe I know not; but 'tis made uſe of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct anſwer, or think themſelves fooliſhly accuſed.*

1. *Hale and feer.*] *Whole, without the leaſt fault or want.*

To clap on fadge or ſcon;
They reliſh fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares ſtand yon.
Right mony gabs wi' them ſhall gang
About Auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
Where ſtoups and trunchers gingle;
Then my friend leal,
We toſs ye'r heal,
And with bald brag advance,
What's hoorded in
Lochs Broom and Fin
Might ding the ſtocks of France.
A jelly ſum to carry on
A fiſhery's deſign'd,
Twa million of good Sterling pounds,
By men of money's ſign'd.
Had ye but ſeen
How unco keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich, and ald-
Farran, ye ne'er wad doubted.
Now, now, I hope we'll ding the Dutch,
As fine as a round Robbin,
Gin greedineſs to grow ſoon rich
Invites not to ſtock jobbing;

19. *Broom and Fin.*] *Two lochs on the weſtern ſeas, where plenty of herrings are taken.*

22. *A fiſhery.*] *The Royal fiſhery; ſucceſs to which is the wiſh and hope of every good man.*

That poor boſs ſhade
Of ſinking trade,
And weather-glaſs politic,
Which heaves and ſets
As publick gets
A heezy or a wee kick.

Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that trick come hither;
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
Of biting ane anither.
The ſubject rich
Will gi' a hitch
T' increaſe the public gear,
When on our ſeas,
Like biſy bees,
Ten thouſand fiſhers ſteer.

Could we catch the united ſhoals
That crowd the weſtern ocean,
The Indies wou'd prove hungry holes,
Compar'd to this our Goſhen:
Then let's to wark
With net and bark,
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up;
Gin ſae we join,
We'll cleck in coin
Frae a' the ports of Europe.

Thank's t'ye, Captain, for this ſwatch
Of our ſtore, and your favour;
Gin I be ſpared, your love to match
Shall ſtill be my endeavour.
Next unto you,
My ſervice due

Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin,
Wha with fair heart
Has play'd his part,
And sent them true and trim in. 75

67. *Matthew Cumin*] *Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates of that city.*

FINIS.

A GLOSSARY,

OR

EXPLANATION of the *Scotch* words used by the author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* language.

Some general rules, shewing wherein many Southern *and* Northern *words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.*

I. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a* or *u*, the *l* is rarely sounded.

Scots.	*English.*
A'	ALL
Ba	Ball
Ca	Call
Fa	Fall
Ga	Gall
Ha	Hall
Sma	Small
Sta	Stall
Wa	Wall
Fou or Fu	Full
Pou or Pu	Pull
Woo or U	Wool

II. The *l* changes to *a*, *w*, or *u*, after *o* or *a*, and is frequently sunk before a consonant; as,

Scots.	*English.*
BAwm	BAlm
Bauk	Baulk
Bouk	Baulk
Bow	Boll
Bowt	Bolt
Caff	Calf
Cow	Coll or Clip
Faut	Fault
Fowk	Folk
Fawn	Fallen
Gowd	Gold
Haff	Half

Scotch.	*English.*
How	Hole or Hollow
Howms	Holms
Maut	Malt
Pow	Poll
Row	Roll
Scawd	Scald
Stown	Stoln
Wawk	Walk

III. An *o* before *ld*, changes to an *a* or *au*; as,

Scots,	*English.*
AUld	OLD
Bauld	Bold
Cauld	Cold
Fauld	Fold
Hald or had	Hold
Sald	Sold
Tald	Told
Wad	Would

IV. The *a*, *oe*, or *ow*, is changed to *a*, *ae*, or *ai*; as,

Scots.	*English.*
AE or ane	ONE
Aeten	Oaten
Aff	Off
Aften	Often
Aik	Oak
Aith	Oath
Ain or awn	Own

Scotch.	*English.*
Alane	Alone
Amaift	Almoft
Amang	Among
Airs	Oars
Aits	Oats
Apen	Open
Awner	Owner
Bain	Bone
Bair	Bore
Baith	Both
Blaw	Blow
Braid	Broad
Claith	Cloth
Craw	Crow
Drap	Drop
Fae	Foe
Frae	Fro or from
Gae	Go
Gaits	Goats
Grane	Grone
Haly	Holy
Hale	Whole
Halefome	Wholefome
Hame	Home
Hait or het	Hot
Laith	Loath
Laid	Load
Lain or len	Loan
Lang	Long
Law	Low
Mae	Moe
Maift	Moft
Mair	More

Scotch.	*Engliſh.*	*Scotch.*	*Engliſh.*
Mane	Moan	Wame	Womb
Maw	Mow	Wan	Won
Na	No	War	Worſe
Nane	None	Wark	Work
Naithing	Nothing	Warld	World
Pape	Pope	Wha	Who
Rae	Roe		
Rair	Roar		
Raip	Rope		
Raw	Row		
Saft	Soft		
Saip	Soap		
Sair	Sore		
Sang	Song		
Slaw,	Slow.		
Snaw	Snow		
Strake	Stroak		
Staw	Stole		
Stane	Stone		
Saul	Soul		
Tae	Toe		
Taiken	Token		
Tangs	Tongs		
Tap	Top		
Thrang	Throng		
Wae	Woe		

V. The *o* or *u* is frequently changed into *i*; as,

Scotch	*Engliſh.*
A Nither Bill	A Nother Bull
Birn	Burn
Brither	Brother
Fit	Foot
Fither	Fother
Hinny	Honey
Ither	Other
Mither	Mother
Nits	Nuts
Niſe	Noſe
Pit	Put
Rin	Run
Sin	Sun.

A

ABlins, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.
Air, long ſince, early.
Air up, ſoon in the morning.
Ambrie, cup-board.
Anew, enough.
Arles, earneſt of a bargain.
Aſe, aſhes.
At ains, or at anes, at once, at the ſame time.
Attour, out-over.
Auld-farren, ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or eaglebargin, to contend and wrangle.
Awſome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breath.

B

BAck-ſey, a ſurloin.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, ſtaid, abode.
Bairns, children.
Balen, whale-bone.
Bang, is ſometimes an action of haſte. We ſay he or it came wi' a bang. —A bang alſo means a great number. *Of cuſtomers ſhe had a bang.*
Bangſter, a bluſtering roaring perſon.
Bannocks, a ſort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry paſſion.
Barrow-trams, the ſtaves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, cholic.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Bauch, ſorry, indifferent.
Bawſy, bawſand-fac'd, is a cow or a horſe with a white face.
Bedeen, immediately, in haſte.
Baſt, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.

Beik, to baſk.
Beild, or beil, a ſhelter.
Bein, or been, wealthy. A been houſe, a warm well-furniſhed one.
Beit, or beet, to help, repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day.
Bended, drunk hard.
Benn, the inner room of a houſe.
Benniſon, bleſſing.
Benſell, or benſail, force.
Bent, the open field.
Beuk, baked.
Bicker, a wooden diſh.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; ſchool-boys battling with ſtones.
Bigg, build. Bigget, built. Biggings, buildings.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Byre, or byar, a cow-ſtall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchaſing liquor, they call it, birling a bawbee.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the ſtalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying ſwiftly with a noiſe.
Birs'd, bruiſed.
Bittle, or bettle, a wooden mell for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vic'd, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blue, the colour of the ſkin when bruiſed.
Blaſlum, beguile.
Blate, baſhful.
Blatter, a rattling noiſe.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer to make the eye water.
Bleez, blaze.
Blether, fooliſh diſcourſe.
Bletherer, a babbler. Stammering is called blethering.
Blin, ceaſe. Never blin, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame riſing and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhauſted.

Boak, or broke, vomit.
Boal, a little preſs or cupboard in the wall.
Bodin, or bodden, provided or furniſhed.
Bodle, one ſixth of a penny Engliſh.
Bodword, an ominous meſſage.
Bowards are now uſed to expreſs ill-natured meſſages.
Boſilebo, hobgoblin or ſpectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gewgaws.
Boſs, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jeſt or dally.
Bouze, to drink.
Brochen, a kind of water-gruel of oat-meal, butter, and honey.
Brae, the ſide of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the firſt ſprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankan, prancing, a capering.
Branks, wherewith the ruſties bridle their horſes.
Brattle, noiſe as of horſe-feet.
Brats, rags.
Braw, brave, fine in apparel.
Brecken, fearn.
Brent-brow, ſmooth high forehead.
Brigs, bridges.
Briſs, to preſs.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Browden, fond.
Browſter, brewer.
Browſt, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bucky, the large ſea-ſnail. A term of reproach, when expreſs we a croſs-natured fellow by a thrawn bucky.
Buff, nonſenſe. As, *He blether'd buff.*
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are incloſed at milking-time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a ſpring-head, or noiſe or riſe of a tide.
Bumbazed, confuſed. Made to ſtare and look like an idiot.

Bung completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
Bunkers, a bench, or ſort of long low cheſts that ſerve for ſeats.
Bumbler, a bungler.
Burn, a brook.
Buſk, to deck, dreſs.
Buſtine, fuſtian (cloth.)
But, often for without; as but *feed or favour.*
Bykes or bikes, neſts or hives of bees.
Bygane, bypaſt.
By-word, a proverb.

C

CAdge, carry. Cadger, is a country carrier.
Caff, a calf. Chaff.
Callan, a boy.
Camſchough, ſtern, grim, of a diſtorted countenance.
Cangle, to wrangle.
Cankerd, angry, paſſionately ſnarling.
Canna, cannot.
Cant, to tell merry old tales.
Cantrips, incantations.
Canty, chearful and merry.
Capernoited, whimſical, ill-natur'd.
Car, ſledge.
Carena, care not.
Carle, an old word for a man.
Carline, an old woman. Girecarline, a giant's wife.
Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, ſugar, and eggs.
Cauldrife, ſpiritleſs. Wanting chearfulneſs in addreſs.
Cauler, cool or freſh.
Cawk, chalk.
Chafts, chops.
Chaping, an ale-meaſure or ſtoup, ſomewhat leſs than an Engliſh quart.
A-char or a-jar, aſide. When any thing is beat a little out of its poſition, or a door or window a little opened, we ſay, They're a-char or a-jar.
Charlewain, Charles-wain, the conſtellation called the Plow, or Urſa Major.

Chancy, fortunate, good-natured.
Chat, a cant name for the gallows.
Chiel, a general term like fellow, uſed ſometimes with reſpect; as, *He's a very good chiel*, and contemptuouſly, *That chiel.*
Chirm, chirp and ſing like a bird.
Chucky, a hen.
Clan, tribe, family.
Clank, a ſharp blow or ſtroke that makes a noiſe.
Clafhes, chat
Clatter, to chatter.
Claught, took hold.
Claver, to ſpeak nonſenſe.
Claw, ſcratch.
Cleek, to catch as with a hook.
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.
Clinty, hard, ſtony.
Clock, a beetle.
Clotted, the fall of any ſoft moiſt thing.
Cloſe, a court or ſquare: and frequently a lane or alley.
Clour, the little lump that riſes on the head occaſioned by a blow or fall.
Clute or cloot, hoof of cows or ſheep.
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when its wrapt or ſnooded up with a band or ſnood.
Cockſtool, a pillory.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a pretty large wooden diſh the country people put their pottage in.
Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forewards inclining to fall.
Coodies, a ſmall wooden veſſel, uſed by ſome for chamber-pots.
Coof, a ſtupid fellow.
Coor, to cover.
Cooſer, a ſton'd horſe.
Cooſt, did caſt. Cooſten, thrown.
Corby, a raven.
Coſie, ſheltered in a convenient place.
Cotter, a ſubtenant.

Cowp, to fall; alſo a fall.
Cowp, to change, barter.
Cowp, a company of people; as merry, ſenſeleſs, corky cowp.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Couth, frank and kind.
Crack, to chat.
Creel, baſket.
Criſh, greaſe.
Croil a crooked dwarf.
Croon or crune, to murmur or hum over a ſong. The lowing of bulls.
Crouſe, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crummy, a cow's name.
Cryn, ſhrink, or become leſs by drying.
Cudeigh, a bribe, preſent.
Culzie, entice or flatter.
Cun, to taſte, learn, know.
Cunzie or coonie, coin.
Curn, a ſmall parcel.
Curſche, a kerchief. A linen dreſs wore by our Highland women.
Cutled, uſed kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendſhip
Cutts, lots. Theſe cuts are uſually made of ſtraws unequally cut.
Cutty, ſhort.

D

DAB, a proficient.
Dad, to beat one thing againſt another. *He fell wi' a dad. He dadded his head againſt the wall, &c.*
Daft, fooliſh, and ſometimes wanton.
Daffin, folly, waggery.
Dail or dale, a valley, a plain.
Daintiths, dainties, delicates.
Dainty, is uſed as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
Dander, wander to and fro, or ſaunter.
Dang, did ding, beat, thruſt, drive.
Ding dang, moving haſtily one on the back of another.
Darn, to hide.

Daſh, to put out of countenance.

Dawty, a fondling, darling. To dawt, to cocker, and careſs with tenderneſs.

Deave, to ſtun the ears with noiſe.

Dees, dairy maids.

Deray, merriment, jollity, ſolemnity, tumult, diſorder, noiſe.

Dern, ſecret, hidden, lonely.

Deval, to deſcend, fall, hurry.

Dewgs, rags, or ſhapings of cloth.

Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.

Dight, decked, made ready; alſo, to clean.

Dinna, do not.

Dirle, a ſmarting pain quickly over.

Dit, to ſtop or cloſe up a hole.

Divet, broad turf.

Docken, a dock (the herb.)

Doilt, confuſed and ſilly.

Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.

Doll, a large piece, dole or ſhare.

Donk, moiſt.

Donſie, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little perſon.

Doofart, a dull heavy-headed fellow.

Dool or drule, the goal which gameſters ſtrive to gain firſt, (as at foot-ball.)

Dool, pain, grief.

Dorts, a proud pet.

Dorty, proud, not to be ſpoke to, conceited, appearing as diſobliged.

Doſend, cold, impotent.

Dought, could, avail'd.

Doughty, ſtrong, valiant, and able.

Douks, dives under water.

Douſe, ſolid, grave, prudent.

Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.

Dow, dove.

Dow'd (liquor,) that's dead, or has loſt the ſpirits; or withered (plant.)

Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.

Dowie, melancholy, ſad, doleful.

Downa, dow not; *i. e.* though one has the power, he wants the heart to it.

Dowp, the arſe, the ſmall remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-ſhell. *Better haff egg as toom dowp.*

Drant, to ſpeak ſlow, after a ſighing manner.

Dree, to ſuffer, endure.

Dreery, wearyſome, frightful.

Dreigh, ſlow, keeping at diſtance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call dreigh. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, ſcarce appearing to run.

Droning, ſitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drenched, all wet.

Dubs, mire.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, ſtroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Durk, a poignard or dagger.

Dygles, trembles, ſhakes.

Dyver, a bankrupt.

E

EAgs, incites, ſtirs up.

Eard, earth, the ground.

Edge (of a hill,) is the ſide or top.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eildeens, of the ſame age.

Eith, eaſy. Either, eaſier.

Elbuck, elbow.

Elf-ſhot, bewitched, ſhot by fairies.

Elſon, a ſhoemaker's awle.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghoſts.

Endlang, along.

Ergh, ſcrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a ſteady reſolution.

Erſt, time paſt.

Eſtler, hewn ſtone. Buildings of ſuch we call eſtler-work.

Ether, an adder,
Ettle, to aim, deſign.
Even'd, compar'd.
Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F

FA, a trap, ſuch as is uſed for catching rats or mice.
Fae, a foe, an enemy.
Eadge, a ſpungy ſort of bread in ſhape of a roll.
Fag, to tire, or turn weary.
Fail, thick turf, ſuch as are uſed for building dykes for folds, incloſures, &c.
Fain, expreſſes earneſt deſire; as, *Fain would I.* Alſo, joyful, tickled with pleaſure.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fairfaw, when we wiſh well to one, that a good or fair fate may befal him.
Fang, the talons of a fowl. To fang, to grip, or hold faſt.
Faſh, vex or trouble.
Faſhous, troubleſome.
Faugh, a colour between white and red.
Faugh riggs, fallow ground.
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maiſt feck, the greateſt number; nae feck, very few.
Feckfow, able, active.
Feckleſs, feeble, little, and weak.
Feed or fead, feud, hatred, quarrel.
Feil, many, ſeveral.
Fen, ſhift. Fending, living by induſtry.
Mak a fen, fall upon methods.
Ferlie, wonder.
Fernzier, the laſt, or fore-run year.
File, to defile or dirty.
Fireſlaught, a flaſh of lightning.
Fittle, to ſtir. A ſtir.
Fittled, the print of the foot.
Fizzing, whizzing.
Flaffing, moving up and down, raiſing wind by motion, as birds with their wings.
Flags, flaſhes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.
Flang, flung.
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.
Flaw, lie or fib.
Fleetch, to cox or flatter.
Fleg, fright.
Flewet, a ſmart blow.
Fley or flie, to affright.
Fleyt, afraid or terrified.
Flinders, ſplinters.
Flit, to remove.
Flite or flyte, to ſcold, chide. Flet, did ſcold.
Fluſhes, floods.
Fog, moſs.
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day light.
Forby, beſides.
Forebearers, forefathers, anceſtors.
Forfairn, abuſed, beſpattered.
Forfaughten, weary, faint, and out of breath with fighting.
Forgainſt, oppoſite to.
Forgether, to meet, encounter.
Forleet, forſake or forget.
Foreſtam, the forehead.
Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Fozy, ſpungy, ſoft.
Frais, to make a noiſe. We uſe to ſay one *maks a frais*, when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of or will bear.
Fray, buſtle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.
Fremit, ſtrange, not akin.
Friſted, truſted.
Fruſh, brittle, like bread baken with butter.
Fuff. to blow. Fuffin, blowing.
Furder, proſper.
Furthy, forward.
Fuſh, brought.
Furlet, four pecks.
Fyk. to be reſtleſs, uneaſy.

G.

GAB, the mouth. To prat. Gab ſae gaſh.
Gabbing, pratting pertly. To gab again,

when ſervants give ſaucy returns when reprimanded.

Gabby, one of a ready and eaſy expreſſion; the ſame with auld gabbet.

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a ſtupid gravity.

Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter.

To gawf, laugh.

Gait, a goat.

Gams, gums.

Gar, to cauſe, make or force.

Gare, greedy, rapacious, earneſt to have a thing.

Gaſh, ſolid, ſagacious. One with a long chin, we call gaſh-gabbet, gaſh-beard.

Gate, way.

Gaunt, yawn.

Gawky, idle, ſtaring, idiotical perſon.

Gawn, going.

Gaws, galls.

Gawſy, jolly, buxome.

Geek, to mock.

Geed or gade, went.

Genty, handſome, genteel.

H

Get or brat, a child, by way of contempt or deriſion.

Gielanger, an ill debtor.

Gif, if.

Gillygacus or gillygaps, a ſtaring gaping fool; a gormandizer.

Gilpy, a rogueiſh boy.

Gimmer, a young ſheep (ew.)

Gin, if.

Gird, to ſtrike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, ſnarl; alſo a ſnare or trap, ſuch as boys make of horſe-hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good-for-nothing fellow.

Glaiked, fooliſh, wanton, light. To give the glaiks, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaiſter, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, jugglery.

When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the ſight, they are ſaid to caſt glamour over the eyes of the ſpectator.

Glar, mire, oozy mud.

Glee, to ſquint.

Gleg, ſharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to ſcoul or frown.
Glowming, the twilight, or evening-gloom.
Glowr, to ſtare, look ſtern.
Glunſh, to hang the brow, and grumble.
Goan, a wooden diſh for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings or gorblings, young unfledg'd birds.
Goſſie, Goſſip.
Gowans, daiſies.
Gove, to look broad and ſtedfaſt, holding up the face.
Gowf, beſides the known game, a racket or ſound blow on the chops, we call a gowf on the haſſet.
Gowk, the cuckow. In deriſion we call a thoughtleſs fellow, and one who harps too long on one ſubject, a gowk.
Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Gouſty, ghaſtly, large, waſte, deſolate, and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork; alſo to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. Grat, wept.
Grieve, an overſeer.
Groff, groſs, coarſe.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly.
Grounche or glunſhie, to murmur, grudge.
Grutten, wept.
Gryſe, a pig.
Gumption, good ſenſe.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather)
Gyſened, when the wood of any veſſel is ſhrunk with dryneſs.
Gytlings, young children.

H

HAffet, the cheek, ſide of the head.
Hagabag, coarſe napery.

Haggiſe, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a ſheep, and boiled in the big bag.

Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in moſſy ground.

Hain, to ſave, manage narrowly.

Holeſome, wholeſome; as, hale, whole.

Hallen, a ſcreen.

Hameld, domeſtic.

Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.

Hanty, convenient, handſome.

Harle, drag.

Harns, brains. Harn-pan, the ſcull.

Harſhip, ruin.

Haſh, a ſloven.

Haveren or havrel, id.

Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the ſides of rivers.

Havins, good breeding.

Haviour, behaviour.

Haſs, the throat, or fore part of the neck.

Heal or heel, health, or whole.

Heepy, a perſon hypocondriac.

Heeryeſtreen, the night before yeſternight.

Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A heezy is a good lift.

Heſtit, accuſtomed to live in a place.

Heght, promiſed; alſo, named.

Hempy, a thieky wag, ſuch for whom the hemp grows.

Hereit, ruined in eſtate, broke, ſpoiled.

Heſp, a claſp or hook, bar, or bolt; alſo, in yarn, a certain number of threeds.

Hether-bells, the heath-bloſſom.

Heugh, a rock or ſteep hill; alſo, a coal-pit.

Hiddils or hidlings, lurking, hiding-places. To do a thing in hidlings, &c. privately.

Hirple, to move ſlowly and lamely.

Hirſle or hirdſale, a flock of cattle.

Ho, a ſingle ſtocking.

Hobbleſhew, a confuſed racket, noiſe.

Hool, huſk. Hooly, incloſed.

Hooly, slow.
Host or whost, to cough.
How or hu, a cap or roof-tree.
How, low ground, a hollow.
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden.
Howdy, midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains, or river-sides.
Howt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to croutch, or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.
Hat, a hovel.
Hyt, mad.

J

JAck, jacket.
Jag, to prick as with a pin.
Jaw, a wave or gush of water.
Jawp, the dashing of water.
Ice-hogles, icicles.
Jee, to incline to one side. To jee back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.
Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
Jimp, slender.
Jip, gypsie.
Ilk, each. Ilka, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingle, fire.
Jo, sweet-heart.
Jowk, a low bow.
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also melancholy.
I'se, I shall; as I'll, for I will.
Isles, embers.
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
Jute, sour or dead liquor.
Jybe, to mock. Gibe, taunt.

K

KAber, a rafter.
Kale or kail, cole-wort, and sometimes broth.
Kacky, to dung.

Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, comb.
Kanny or canny, fortunate; alſo warry, one who manages his affairs diſcreetly.
Kebbuck, a cheeſe.
Keckle, to laugh, to be noiſy.
Kedgy, jovial.
Keek, to peep.
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
Kemp, to ſtrive who ſhall perform moſt of the ſame work in the ſame time.
Ken, to know; uſed in England as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.
Kent, a long ſtaff, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe for leaping over ditches.
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.
Kiell, did caſt. *Vid.* Cooſt.
Kilted, tuck'd up.
Kimmer, a female goſſip.
Kirn, a churn, to churn.
Kirtle, an upper petticoat.
Kitchen, all ſort of eatables except bread.
Kittle, difficult, myſterious, knotty (writings.)
Kittle, to tickle, tickliſh
Knacky, witty and facetious.
Knoit, to beat or ſtrike ſharply.
Knoos'd, buffeted and bruiſed.
Knooſt or knuiſt, a large lump.
Know, a hillock.
Knublock, a knob.
Knuckles, only uſed in Scotch for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.
Kow, goblin, or any perſon one ſtands in awe to diſoblige, and fears.
Ky, kine or cows.
Kyth, to appear. He'll kyth in his ain colours.
Kyte, the belly.

L.

LAggert, beſpattered, covered with clay.
Laigh, low.
Laits, manners.
Lak or Lack, undervalue, contemn; as, He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.
Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Ruſtic.
Lane, alone.
Langour, languiſhing, melancholy. To hold one out of langour, *i. e.* divert him.
Lankale, coleworts uncut.
Lap, leaped.
Lapper'd, curdled or clotted.
Lare, a place for laying, or that has been lain in.
Lare, bog.
Lave, the reſt or remainder.
Lawin, a tavern reckoning.
Lawland, low country.
Lavrock, the lark.
Lawty or lawtith, juſtice, fidelity, honeſty.
Leal, true, upright, honeſt, faithful to truſt, loyal. A leal heart never lied.
Leam, flame.
Lear, learning, to learn.
Lee, untilled ground; alſo, an open graſſy plain.
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle.
Leman, a kept miſs.
Lends, buttocks, loins.
Leugh, laughed.
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbit, gelded.
Lick, to whip or beat; item, a wag or cheat, we call a great lick.
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
Lift, the ſky or firmament.
Liggs, lyes.
Lilts, the holes of a wind inſtrument of muſic; hence, Lilt up a ſpring. Lilt it out, take off your drink merrily.
Limmer, a whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a cataract.

Linge, quick career in a ſtraight line, to gallop.

Lingley, cord, ſhoemakers thread.

Linkan, walking ſpeedily.

Lire, breaſts: item, the moſt muſcular parts; ſometimes the air of complection of the face.

Lirk, or wrinkle of fold.

Liſk, the flank.

Lith, a joint.

Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.

Loch, a lake.

Loo, to love.

Loof, the hollow of the hand.

Looms, tools, inſtruments in general, veſſels.

Loot, did let.

Low, flame.

Lowan, flaming.

Lown, calm. Keep lown, be ſecret.

Loun, rogue, whore, villain.

Lounder, a ſound blow.

Lout, to bow down, making courteſy. To ſtoop.

Luck, to incloſe, ſhut up, faſten. Hence Lucken-handed, cloſe-fitted; Lucken Gowans, Booths, &c.

Lucky, grandmother or goody.

Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or veſſel.

Luggie, a diſh of wood with a handle.

Lum, the chimney.

Lure, rather.

Lyart, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

M.

MAgil, to mangle.

Maik, or make, match, equal.

Maikleſs, matchleſs.

Mailen, a farm.

Makly, ſeemly, well-proportioned.

Makſna, it is no matter.

Maliſon, a curſe, malediction.

Mangit, gall'd or bruiſed by ſtripes.

Mank, a want.
Mant, to ſtammer in ſpeech.
March or merch, a land-mark, border of lands.
Marh, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comerade.
Maſk, to maſh, in brewing. Maſking-loom, maſh vat.
Maun, muſt. Mauna, muſt not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great, large.
Meith, limit, mark, ſign.
Mends, ſatisfaction, revenge, retaliation. To make a mends, to make a grateful return.
Menſe, diſcretion, ſobriety, good-breeding. Mensfou, mannerly.
Menzie, company of men, army, aſſembly, one's followers.
Meſſen, a little dog, lap-dog.
Midding a dung-hill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modeſt.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Miſcaw, to give names.
Miſchance, misfortune.
Miſken, to neglect, or not take notice of one; alſo, let alone.
Miſluſhous, malicious, rough.
Miſters, neceſſities, wants.
Mittans, woolen gloves.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the grave.
Mou, mouth.
Moup, to eat, generally uſed of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move faſt, though they eat but ſlow.
Mow, a pile, or bing, as of feuel, hay, ſheaves of corn, &c.
Mows, jeſts.
Muckle, ſee Meikle.
Murgullied, miſmanaged, abuſed.
Mutch, coif.
Mutchken, an Engliſh pint.

N

NAcky or knacky, clever, active in ſmall affairs.
Neeſe, noſe.
Nettle, to fret or vex.
Newfangle, fond of a new thing.
Nevel, a ſound blow with the nive or fiſt.
Nick, to bite or cheat. Nicked, cheated: Alſo, as a cant word to drink heartily; as He nicks fine.
Nieſt, next.
Niffer, to exchange or barter.
Niffnafan, trifling.
Nignays, trifles.
Nips, bits.
Nither, to ſtraiten. Nithered, hungered, or half ſtarved in maintenance.
Nive, the fiſt.
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or ſpindle.
Noit, ſee knoit.
Nowt, cows, kine.
Nowther, neither.
Nuckle, new calv'd (cows.)

O

OE, a grandchild.
O'er or over, too much; as, A o'ers is vice.
O'ercome, ſuperplus.
Ony, any.
Or, ſometimes uſed for ere, or before. Or day, *i. e.* before day break.
Ora, any thing over what's needful.
Orp, to weep with a convulſive pant.
Oughtlens, in the leaſt.
Owk, week.
Owrlay, a cravat.
Owſen, oxen.
Owther, either.
Oxter, the arm-pit.

P.

PAddock, a frog. Paddock-ride, the ſpawn of frogs.
Paiks, chaſtiſement. To Paik, to beat or belabour one ſoundly.
Pang, to ſqueeze, preſs, or pack one thing into another.
Paughty, proud.

Pawky, witty, or ſly in word or action, without any harm or bad deſigns.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegh, to pant.

Penſy, finical, foppiſh, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling. To Pettle, to dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence, to take the Pett, is to be peeviſh or ſullen, as commonly Petts are when in the leaſt diſobliged.

Pibroughs, ſuch Highland tunes as are played on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.

Pig, an earthen pitcher.

Pike, to pick out, or chuſe.

Pimpin, pimping, mean, ſcurvy.

Pine, pain or pining.

Pingle, to contend, ſtrive, or work hard.

Pirn, the ſpool or quill within the ſhuttle, or ſtuff which receives the yarn.

Pirny (cloth) or a web of unequal threads or colours, ſtripped.

Pith, ſtrength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the third of a penny Engliſh.

Pople or Paple, the bubbling, purling, or boiling up of water.

Poortith, poverty.

Powny, a little horſe or galloway; alſo, a turky.

Pouſe, to puſh.

Pouch, a pocket.

Pratick, practice, art, ſtratagem.

Priving Pratick, trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We ſay, He plaid me a pret, *i. e.* cheated. The callan's fou o' prets, *i. e.* has abundance of waggiſh tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, to prove or taſte.

Propine, gift or preſent.

Pryme or prime, to fill

Rate a ſtane, throw a flig-ſtone.
Quey, a young cow.

R

RAckleſs, careleſs; one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him rackleſs handed.
Rae, a roe.
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.
Raird, a loud ſound.
Rair, roar.
Rak or rook, a miſt or fog.
Rampage, to ſpeak and act furiouſly.
Raſhes, ruſhes.
Rave, did rive or tear.
Raught, reached.
Rax, to ſtretch, Rax'd, reached.
Ream, cream. Whence ſtreaming; as, reaming liquor.
Redd, to rid, unravel. To ſeparate folks that are fighting. It alſo ſignifies clearing of any paſſage, I'm redd, I'm apprehenſive.
Rede, counſel, advice; as, I wad na rede ye to do that.
Reek, reach; alſo ſmoak.
Reeſt, to ruſt, or dry in the ſmoke.
Reft, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.
Reif, rapine, robbery.
Reik or rink, a courſe or race.
Rever, a robber or pirate.
Rewth, pity.
Rice or riſe, bulruſhes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
Rife or ryfe, plenty.
Rift, to belch.
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a houſe.
Ripples, a weakneſs in the back and reins.
Rock, a diſtaff.
Rooſe or riſe, to commend, extol.
Roove, to rivet.
Rottan, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often a ſatyric kind of rhime.
Rowan, rolling.

Rowt, to roar, eſpecially the lowing of bulls and cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Ruck, a rick or ſtack of hay or corn.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Ruefu, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, ſmall boughs of trees lopped off.
Runkle, a wrinkle.
Runckle, to ruffle.

S

SAebins, ſeeing it is. Since.
Saikleſs, guiltleſs, free,
Sain'd, bleſſed.
Sall, ſhall. Like ſoud for ſhould.
Sand-blind, pur-blind, ſhort-ſighted.
Sar, ſavour or ſmell.
Sark, a ſhirt.
Saugh, a willow or ſallow tree.
Saw, an old ſaying, or proverbial expreſſion.
Scad, ſcald.
Scar, the bare dry pieces on the ſides of hills waſhen down with rain.
Scart, to ſcratch.
Scawp, a bare dry piece of ſtony ground.
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a bannock.
Scowp, to leap or move haſtily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scrimp, narrow, ſtratened, little.
Scroggs, ſhrubs, thorns, briers.
Scroggy, thorny.
Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.
Sell, ſelf.
Seuch, furrow, ditch.
Sey, to try.
Seybow, a young onion.
Shan, pitiful, ſilly, poor.
Sharn, cow's dung.
Shaw, a wood or foreſt.
Shawl, ſhallow.
Shawps, empty huſks.
Sheen, ſhining.
Shil, ſhirll, having a

ſharp ſound.

Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, ſhire; alſo, a clever wag, a ſhire lick.

Shog, to wag, ſhake, or jog backwards and forewards.

Shool, ſhovel.

Shoon, ſhoes.

Shore, to threaten.

Shotle, a drawer.

Sib, a-kin.

Sic, ſuch.

Sicker, firm, ſecure.

Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in ſummer.

Siller, ſilver.

Sindle or ſinle, ſeldom.

Sinſyne, ſince that time. Langſinſyne, long ago.

Skaill, to ſcatter.

Skair, ſhare.

Skaith, hurt, damage.

Skeigh, ſkittiſh.

Skelf, ſhelf.

Skelp, to run. Uſed when one runs barefoot. Alſo, a ſmall ſplinter of wood. *Item*, To ſlog the hips.

Skiff, to move ſmoothly away.

Skink, a kind of ſtrong broth, made of cows hams or knuckles; alſo, to fill drink in a cup.

Skirl, to ſhriek or cry with a ſhrill voice.

Sklate, ſlate. Skallie, is a fine blue ſlate.

Skowrie, ragged, naſty, idle.

Skreed, a rent.

Skybald, a tatterdemalion.

Skyt, fly out haſtily.

Slade or ſlaid, did ſlide, moved, or made a thing move eaſily.

Slap or ſlak, a gap or narrow paſs between two hills. Slap, a breach in a wall.

Sleek, ſmooth.

Sleet, a ſhower of half-melted ſnow.

Sleig, to bedawb or plaiſter.

Slid, ſmooth, cunning, ſlippery; as, He's a ſlid down. Slidry, ſlippery.

Slippery, ſleepy.

Slonk, a mire, ditch, or ſlough; to wade through a mire.

Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, huſs or coat.
Smaik, a ſilly little pitiful fellow; the ſame with ſmatchet.
Smirky, ſmiling.
Smittle, infectious or catching.
Smoor, to ſmother.
Snack, nimble, ready, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in deriſion.
Sneg, to cut; as, Sneg'd off at the web's end.
Snell, ſharp, ſmarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, ſnub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to ſnuff or breathe thro' the nole a little ſtopt.
Snod, metaphorically uſed for neat, handſome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to diſpirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; alſo, a pitiful groveling ſlave.
Snoove, to whirl round.
Snotter, ſnot.
Snurl, to ruffle, wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonſy, happy, fortunate, lucky: ſometimes uſed for large and luſty.
Sore, ſorrel, reddiſh-coloured.
Sorn, ſpunge.
Soſs, the noiſe that a thing makes, when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the ſound of wind amongſt the trees, or of one ſleeping.
Sowens, flummery, or oat-meal ſowr'd amongſt water for ſome time, then boiled to a conſiſtency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowſ, to conn over a tune on an inſtrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breaſt.
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation.
Spaug, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, ſhoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.

Speer, to aſk, enquire.
Spelder, to ſplit, ſtretch draw aſunder.
Spence, the place of the houſe where proviſions are kept.
Spill, to ſpoil, abuſe.
Spoolie, ſpoil, booty, plunder.
Sprainge, ſtripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a muſical inſtrument.
Spruſh, ſpruce.
Spruttl'd, ſpeckled ſpotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, ſtrong and valiant.
Stang, did ſting; alſo, a ſting or pole.
Stank, a pool of ſtanding water.
Stark, ſtrong robuſt.
Starns, the ſtars. Starn, a ſmall moiety. We ſay, Ne'er a ſtarn.
Stay, ſteep; as, Set a ſtout heart to a ſtay brae.
Steek, ſhut, cloſe.
Stegh, to cram.
Stend or ſten, to move with a haſty long pace.
Stent, to ſtretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a ſteer or bullock.
Stoit or ſtot, to rebound or reflect.
Soor, rough, hoarſe.
Stou, to cut or crop. A ſtou, a large cut or piece.
Stound, a ſmarting pain or ſtitch.
Stur, duſt agitated by winds, or horſe feet To ſtour, to run quickly.
Stowth, ſtealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handſome.
Strath, a plain on a river ſide.
Streek, to ſtretch.
Striddle, to ſtride; applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to ſprinkle or ſtraw.
Stroot or ſtrut, ſtuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pet. To take the ſtrunt, to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or ſmith's ſtithy.
Sturdy, giddy-headed; *item*, ſtrong.

Sture or ſtoor, ſtiff, ſtrong, hoarſe.
Sturt, trouble, diſturbance, vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little ſight of a thing.
Suddle, to ſully, dirty.
Sumph, blockhead.
Sunkan, ſplenetic.
Sunkots, ſomething.
Swak, to throw.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to ſwoon away.
Swaſh, ſquat, ſuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, ſmall ale.
Swecht, burden, weight.
Sweer, lazy, ſlow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, ſuffocated, choaked to death.
Swith, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful what to do.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T.

TAckel, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Tane, taken.
Tap, a head, Such a quantity of lint as ſpinſters put upon the diſtaff, is called a Lint-tap.
Tape, to uſe any thing ſparingly.
Tappit-hen, the Scotch quart ſtoup.
Tarrow, to refuſe what we love, being croſs.
Tartan, croſs ſtripped ſtuff of various colours, checkered. The Highland plaid.
Taſs, a little dram-cup.
Tate, a ſmall lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, &c.
Taunt, to mock.
Tawpy, a fooliſh wench.
Taz, a whip or ſcourge.
Ted, to ſcatter, ſpread.
Tee, a little earth on which gameſters at the gowf ſet their balls before they ſtrike them.
Teen or Tynd, anger, rage, ſorrow.
Teet, to peep out.
Teuſome, the number of ten.
Tent, attention. Tenty, cautious.
Thack, thatch. Thacker, thatcher.
Thae, thoſe.
Tharmes, ſmall x pox.
Theck, to thatch.
Thig, to beg or borrow.

Thir, these.
Thole, to endure, suffer.
Thow, thaw.
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed.
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained.
Threep, to aver, allege, urge, and affirm boldly.
Thrimal, to press or squeeze thro' with difficulty.
Thud, a blast, storm, or the violent sound of these. Cry'd heh at ilka thud; i. e. groan at every blow.
Tid, tide or time; proper time; as, he took the tid.
Tift, good order, health.
Fine, lose. Tint, lost.
Tinsel, loss.
Tip or tippony, ale sold for 2d the Scotch pint.
Tirl or tift, to uncover a house, or undress a person; strip one wasted. Sometimes a short action is named a Tirl; as, They took a tirle of dancing, drinking, &c.
Titty, sister.
Tocher portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Toolyi, to fight. A fight or quarrel.
Toom, empty; applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. Item, to empty.
Tosh, right, neat.
Tosie, warm, pleasant, half-fuddled.
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
Touse or touze, to rumple, teaze.
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
Tow, a rope. A Tyburn neck-lace, or St Johnstoun ribband.
Townond, a year or twelve-month.
Trowes, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to trust, trust, believe; as, True ye sae? Love gars me true ye.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs, trus.
Twin, to part with, or separate from.

Twitch, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, luddy.
Tynd, vide Teen.
Tyst, to entice, stir up, allure.

U.

UGG, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous, horrible.
Umwhile, the late or deceased some time ago. Of old.
Undocht or wandocht, a silly, weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed.
Unko or unco, uncouth, strange.
Unlooesome, unlovely.
Vongy, elevated, proud. That boasts or brags of any thing.

W.

WAD or wed, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would.
Waff, wandering by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuse.
The wale, *v.* the best.
Wallop, to move swiftly, with much agitation.
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large. A bonny wally, *i. e.* a fine thing.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want, of dought, impotent.
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat or wit, to know.
Waught, drinks largely.
Wee, little; as, A wanton wee thing.
Wean or weeane, a child.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weit, rain.
Werth, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly. A whid is a hasty flight.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. Whillywha, a cheat.

Whingeing, whiming, ſpeaking with a doleful tone.
Whins, furze.
Whiſht, huſh. Hold your peace.
Whiſk, to pull out haſtily.
Whomilt, turned upſide down.
Wight, ſtout, clever, item, a man or perſon.
Wimpling, a turning backward and foreward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or won, to reſide. dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winſome, gaining, deſireable, agreable, complete, large; we ſay, My winſome love.
Wirrykow, a bugbear.
Wiſent, parched, dry.
Wiſtle to exchange (money.)
Witherſhins, croſs motion, or againſt the ſun.
Wow or W, wool; as in the whim of making five words out of four letters, thus *z, a, e, w;* (*i. e.*) Is it all one wool?
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! ſtrange! wonderful!
Wreaths (of ſnow), when heaps of it are blown together.
Wyſing, inclining. To wyſe, to lead, train.
Wyſon, the gullet,
Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Y

YAmph, to bark.
Yap, hungry, having a longing deſire for any thing ready.
Yealton, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yeſk, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yeſtreen, yeſternight.
Youdith, youthfulneſs.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a ſwinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Chriſtmas.

F I N I S.